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THE REPUBLICAN.

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AUTOS IN COLLISION MAN HAS LEG BROKEN

Calvin Garbrick, of Hecla Park, Removed to Hospital.

CARS STRIKE HEAD-ON

Machines of A. R. McNitt and Charles Workman Come Together With Terrific Crash at Culvert on Road to Zion Saturday Night.

A head on automobile collision on the State road to Zion, at the culvert nearby Nigh Bank, on Saturday night caused Calvin Garbrick, of Hecla Park, to suffer a fractured leg and several other persons to be painfully bruised. One of the cars was Andrew R. McNitt's Chalmers roadster. The other was a Cadillac touring car, owned by Charles Workman, of Hecla Park. Mr. McNitt was alone in his car. The force of the collision threw his head forward violently against the steering wheel. No bones, were broken but he was bruised about the nose and his right eye blackened. Mr. Workman, who was driving the other car, escaped without a scratch. There were five other men and a boy in the Workman car. Mr. Garbrick was on the rear seat. It is supposed that the impact of the cars coming together threw his knee against the front seat with such force as to fracture the bone between the knee and hip. He was removed to the Bellefonte hospital in the car of Miss Daisy Keichline, who happened along a few minutes after the accident happened. The six other occupants of the Workman car sustained slight bruises, only.

The scene of the accident is regarded by automobilists as one of the most dangerous spots on the State road between Bellefonte and Lock Haven. Just beyond the culvert is a fairly steep hill. The culvert is not wide enough for two cars to pass there unless handled with the greatest care. On Saturday evening Mr. McNitt was driving toward Zion. Mr. Workman and his party of friends were headed for Bellefonte. Mr. McNitt and Mr. Workman observed the search lights of each other's car, but the former thought he had ample time to get through the culvert before the Workman car would reach that point. At the turn in the road approaching the culvert the lights from the Workman car blinded Mr. McNitt and the next instant the two machines came together with a terrific crash. The springs of each car plowed into the radiator of the other, the two cars being so tightly wedged together that other cars were necessary to pull them apart.

Strange to relate, none of the occupants of the cars were thrown out. After the two machines had been pulled apart it was observed how badly both were damaged. Radiators, headlights and fenders of both cars were crushed in. The front axle of the McNitt car was bent and the hood damaged. There was more or less damage to the motors of both cars.

To Cut Big Timber Tract.

The largest timber sale that has been made in this section for some time was successfully closed in our city on Friday of last week by Timber and Real Estate Dealer Thomas N. Stover, of this city, at the office of R. B. McCormick, who, with Attorney George A. Brown, attended to the legal end of the sale, whereby John R. Thompson & Son, of Salona, purchased from J. B. Furst and Alpine White, both of this city, what is considered to be the best tract of white pine and white oak timber standing in Clinton county today. This valuable tract of timber is located only three miles from Mill Hall, Pa., and the tract composes what is known as the Joseph Miller and Charles Grieco tracts, consisting of 175 acres of solid timber, estimated to cut 1,000,000 to 1,200,000 feet of white pine and white oak. Over one-half of this timber is of the very finest quality of white pine, and J. R. Thompson & Son mean to erect an up-to-date mill on this property to convert this timber into the valuable lumber it will produce in the very near future.—Lock Haven Express

Auman—Decker.

Miss Leoda K. Decker, of State College and Mr. John S. Auman, of Millheim, were united in marriage yesterday. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Decker, of, State College, formerly of Pine Grove Mills. She is well and favorably known and many friends join in extending best wishes for a happy and prosperous life.

Let us do your job work. Prices reasonable.

TIME UP FOR FILING EXPENSES OF CAMPAIGN

Period Allowed Candidates Expires with Today.

EXPENSIVE CAMPAIGN

Statements Filed at Court House Show Cost to Candidates of Both Parties in Their Efforts to Win Honors—Few were Assisted.

Additional expense accounts have been filed in the last few days by candidates at the recent election in Centre County. The time limit fixed by law for the filing of expense accounts expires with today.

Treasurer J. L. Montgomery of the Republican County Committee filed a statement showing expenditures amounting to $2207.50 and receipts amounting to $2307.50. These receipts for the most part represented contributions by the several Republican candidates. The statement also sets forth unpaid obligations amounting to $255.

Judge-elect Henry C. Quigley's statement showed expenditures amounting to $1696.1 Mr. Quigley's statement of receipts included a loan of $1400 and a contribution of $3500.

Judge Orvis filed a statement giving his expenditures as $988 10 and receipts as $100.

County Treasurer-elect David Chambers filed a statement showing expenditures totaling $600.

James E. Harter, unsuccessful Democratic candidate for County Treasurer, submitted a statement giving expenditures as $390.70.

Sheriff-elect George H. Yarnell's statement showed expenditures amounting to $320.

Recorder-elect William H. Brown's statement set forth expenditures amounting to $235.50.

County Commissioner W. H. Noll, who was re-elected, filed a statement showing his expenditures to have been $263.08.

Register-elect Frank Sasserman's account showed expenses amounting to $228.

The expense account of Ira G. Burket gave his expenditures as $327.

District Attorney Fortney's statement showed expenses not exceeding $50.

Statements giving expenses as under or not exceeding $50 were filed by Clement Gramley, Ralph Hartsock, Sinie Hoy and W. S. Brungart, candidates for County Auditor.

STATE MASONS ASSEMBLE

Grand Lodge Election Draws Many Members to Philadelphia.

The quarterly communication of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, Free and and Accepted Masons, convened on Wednesday morning, at 10 o'clock, at the Masonic Temple, Philadelphia. Following this comes a busy month for the members of the fraternity. The Grand Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, will meet today and also elections will take place in all the Blue Lodges of the State before St. John's Day, December 27, when the newly elected grand officers will be installed.

It is estimated that the Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter meetings will attract to Philadelphia some 2 500 persons, including members and their families. Ex-Lieutenant Governor Watres, of Scranton, the present deputy grand master, will become grand master on December 27. As usual there is a contest for the position of junior and grand warden, with several candidates in the field.

The records will show a membership of more than 110,000 in the order for the Pennsylvania jurisdiction. The present grand master, J. Henry Williams, was elected a judge of the superior court at the last election, along with Judge Orlady, a former grand master, who was re-elected to the court.

Met With Painful Accident.

Alfred Miller, a son of James Miller, met with a painful accident while riding a bicycle on Water Street, nearby the Bush Arcade building, last Sunday afternoon. He had turned into Water Street from High Street and was endeavoring to pass an automobile when his bicycle was crowded up against the curb of the concrete sidewalk. Miller was thrown off his bicycle and his face struck the iron railing along the creek. No bones were broken but his nose was cut very badly and the wound bled profusely. He was taken to the hospital where his injury was dressed, after which he went home.

Early Morning Blaze Destroys Plant of Chemical Lime Company.

Fire this morning destroyed the large crusher and pulverising lime mill at the plant of the Chemical Lime Co., located on the old Whitmer farm some distance beyond Coleville. The damage was roughly estimated at $30,000 to $40,000, partially insured.

The blaze was discovered shortly after 5 o'clock this morning. It was under control along toward 9 o'clock. Steamers from both the Logan and Undine fire companies were hauled to the scene as quickly as possible and members of both companies responded to lend their assistance in extinguishing the blaze. The fire had gained such headway before help could arrive that the greater and more valuable part of the plant was doomed to destruction. Much costly machinery was ruined.

So far as could be learned this morn the fire originated near the huge crusher. An alarm was sounded and hurried messages sent to Bellefonte for aid. The Logan Hose Co. fire bell was rung for quite a while to arouse firemen. There being no facilities for the old steam fire whistle many persons were not awakened and did not learn of the blaze until later in the morning.

The only equipment at the plant for fighting fire was a two-inch hose, and this was hopelessly inadequate once the flames gained headway and swept through the large structure. With the arrival of the first steam engine from Bellefonte water was pumped from the creek nearby. By that time, however, the plant was doomed. Efforts of the firemen were dircted toward confining the flames to the main building. Several hours of hard work brought the fire under control and one of the steamers and ladder trucks were returned to Bellefonte to guard against any emergency here.

Aside from the immediate loss to the Chemical Company the fire has crippled its plant at the busiest time of the year. Resumption of operations by many glass companies had been attended with the placing of numerous orders for lime with the Chemical Company and all indications were for continued activity throughout the winter.

Until the ruins have cooled and a more thorough examination may be made it will not be possible to ascertain the full extent of the damage to the boilers and other machinery. The fear is entertained that the greater part will be found to be totally ruined.

Magee Urges Brumbaugh for President.

Public Service Commissioner William A. Magee, of Pittsburgh, one of the biggest political factors in Pennsylvania and one of the men who backed Roosevelt in the historic primary campaign of 1912, but who stayed regular after the nominations were made, last week raised the banner of Brumbaugh leadership for the Republican party in Pennsylvania. About the same time Senator Penrose declared in Philadelphia that he was not a candidate for the presidential nomination, but intimated pretty broadly that he proposed to take a hand in political matters. It is intimated in Philadelphia that Mayor-elect Thomas B. Smith, who was in Harrisburg to see the Governor at the Governor's request on Wednesday, will recognize Senator Penrose as leader, although he does not expect any contest. In other cities of the State friends of the senator are said to be quietly preparing lines for nominations of legislators and candidates for national delegate.

These were the developments of Thanksgiving week in politics. The Governor, the most talked about man in the state political situation, remained home, ate turkey and read and listened. He did not say anything.

Commissioner Magee's statement was an arraignment of "Pennsylvania statesmanship of a generation," to use his own words. He attacks conditions and reviews the movements for twenty years. He says that the leaders of the Roosevelt movement ran it "into a blind alley" and criticises some of the leaders indirectly. He also whacks the legislatures. Mr. Magee does not pay much attention to the Democrats, but this is what he says about the Washington party: "The Roosevelt leadership in the state in the meantime, not adapting itself to practical conditions as they arose, finally found itself deserted, its following dissipated." Regarding the Governor, Mr. Magee says: "The session of 1915 disclosed and developed new Republican leadership in the person of the present Governor. As stout a champion of the Republican policy of protection as there is in the country, imbued with the traditions that are the inspiration of the party, at the same time not so radical as Roosevelt, La Follette and Cummings, and not an opportunist endeavoring to obtain power from every popular wave of sentiment, he seems to be the best hope now of the enlightened Republicans of Pennsylvania through whom they can express that political ideal which they hold, which is hard to give a name to but which is well understood as being an intermediate ground between radicalism and socialism on one side and conservation on the other. This is a ground difficult to define because the mention of it suggests trimming between two extremes. The conception is something far different from that. It is a positive position connecting bold social and political advance, but at the same time advances along those well defined paths upon which this country has been progressing throughout its entire history, namely, a constant enlargement of the political rights of the individual and a constant expansion of the social conception of the State toward its subjects.

"I do not pretend to know whether Governor Brumbaugh intends to become a candidate for the Republican nomination for President, and, answering a question that has been frequently asked me, I have no present intention of becoming a candidate for senator, particularly while I am a member of the Public Service Commission, because, while belonging to this body I intend to give practically all of my time to the performance of the duties belonging to it, but I do not hesitate to say that there should be someone at Washington representing the masses of the people of Pennsylvania. I do not mean to deny the right of vested interests to representation. Vested wealth has rights that need protection and therefore that should have representation. I am rather opposing the continuance of the policy in vogue now and which has been in existence time out of mind of deputizing all the the interests of Pennsylvania into hands which are by temperament and training, as well as selection, taken out of the ultra-conservative class, who view all questions from the one angle exclusively. I am raising my voice not for the exclusion of the ruling class, but the division of representation among all classes."

In commenting upon the national situation, Senator Penrose made this comment:

"My name has been mentioned in connection with the Presidency. I appreciate the compliment. At the same time I'm not a candidate and I do not know of any person who is a candidate at this time for the Republican nomination.

"A number of prominent Republicans have been mentioned in this connection, and some of them will be indorsed as favorite sons; and their names will doubtless be presented at the Republican Convention, and other names will be developed later, and will likewise be presented.

"The Republican party is harmonious and the discussion over candidates is entirely amicable. It would not be desirable at this time, and under existing circumstances to have any final commitment on any particular candidate, even if such were possible.

"A number of prominent Republicans have been mentioned and it is not unlikely that others may develop during the approaching session of Congress. It must not be forgotten that many of our national conventions have not determined on a nomination until after the convention met and until after repeated balloting.

"I am just completing a circuit of the length and breadth of the country and have met many persons including political leaders of many States and I am convinced that Republican success is assured next year.

"Already signs are at hand of a betterment of business conditions, based on the general assumption that President Wilson will be defeated next Fall and that protection and prosperity under Republican rule will be restored to the country."

CENTRE HALL MINISTER DIES IN CLINTON, N. Y.

Rev. W. H. Schuyler's Death Occasioned Sincere Sorrow.

ANTISALOON ADVOCATE

Was Native of Union County and Eleven Years Pastor of Centre Hall Presbyterian Church—Interment on Friday Morning.

Rev. W. H. Schuyler, for eleven years pastor of the Centre Hall Presbyterian church and well known throughout the county because of his activity in the cause of temperance, died rather unexpectedly yesterday at the home of his brotherin law, Professor Morrill, at Clinton, New York. His death was due to a complication of diseases. He had been in poor health for some time and since August, last, had been in New York State. The news of his death occasioned sincere sorrow among a wide circle of friends.

The deceased was born 65 years ago at Hartleton, Union County. He was the son of the late Dr. Jacob Schuyler. The maiden name of his wife was Ella Carver. She died about two years ago. Surviving is one daughter, Eloise Schuyler, residing in Philadelphia. There survive also two sisters: Mrs. P. W. Simkins, of Centre Hall, with whom Mr. Schuyler made his home, and Miss Schuyler, residing at Haddonfield, New Jersey.

Funeral services will be held Friday morning at 10.30 o'clock from the Centre Hall Presbyterian church. Professor Marchman, of State College, will officiate. Interment will be made at Centre Hall.

PROCEEDINGS DISMISSED

Judge Orvis Hands Down Opinion in Case of Comm. vs. Mrs. Mary Walker.

Judge Orvis on Monday handed down an opinion and decree in the case of Mrs. Mary Elder Walker vs. the Commonwealth, dismissing all proceedings at the costs of Mrs. Walker. It will be recalled that some weeks ago Mrs. Walker, wife of Ralph Walker, of near Penns. Furnace, was before Justice of the Peace Henry D. Brown charged with aggravated assault and battery on a child which is a charge of Blair County. Information had been made against her by the Commissioners of Blair County founded upon a story of alleged cruelty as related by 13 years old James McCloskey, of Newry. At the hearing before Squire Brown the boy alleged that Mrs. Walker had struck him with a pitchfork handle, breaking his arm. This Mrs. Walker denied. A number of witnesses appeared in her behalf but they were not heard by Squire Brown, who held the case over for court. The opinion and decree in the matter, as handed down by Judge Orvis on Monday follows:

"The record presents a most novel situation—a certiorari out of the Common pleas to the record of a Justice of the Peace involving a criminal action. It seems from the record, as well as the admission of counsel that Mary Elder Walker, the plaintiff in error, was arrested and brought before the Justice of the Peace upon a charge of assault and battery, in which some of the evidence would indicate aggravated assault and battery or even mayhem. The record further shows that though requested, the Justice of the Peace refused or declined to hear the defendant and her witnesses, but upon the hearing of the witnesses of the Commonwealth committed the Plaintiff in error. Whereupon she entered into a proper recognizance for her appearance at court and instituted the above proceedings.

"No authorities have been given us to explain how the Common Pleas can interfere with the process of criminal procedure in the Quarter Sessions or how a certiorari under any circumstances would lie to such a proceeding as the mere commitment and return of the record in a criminal action to the Quarter Sessions. We cannot conceive of any authority to sustain the above action. For evident lack of jurisdiction we overrule all the reasons and dismiss the whole proceedings at the costs of the Plaintiff in error."

Death of Child.

James W., the 4 years old son of Mr. and Mrs. David Noll, of Gilltown, died on Wednesday of last week after an illness of a few days and which had its inception with an attack of tonsilitis. Interment was made on Friday. The sympathy of many friends is with the parents in their hour of bereavement.

MANY HUNTERS OUT AS DEER SEASON OPENS

Hundreds Camping in Mountains for Two Weeks.

LOOK FOR FINE SPORT

Opening of Season on Wednesday Found Many Hunters Located in Woods—Quite a Few Sportsmen Here from Distant Points.

Hundreds of hunters were in the mountains yesterday, the first day of the open season for deer. As usual, a large number from distant points are camping in the Centre County mountains for the season, which continues fifteen days.

Instead of having their usual camp the Chambers—Uzzle party from Snow Shoe have planned to go out each morning and return in the evening.

The Gentzel—Miller crew are in quarters beyond Karthaus. This year they have built for their camp a house of galvanized iron. L. H. Gettig did not accompany the party this year.

Register Frank Smith is with the Centre Hall party, camping in the Seven Mountains. It is said that Christy Matthewson, the famous baseball pitcher is a member of this party. He has the reputation of being a first-class shot.

The Panther Club has headquarters in the mountains beyond Orviston.

George Houck and a number of others from Philipsburg and Rush Township also are in camp beyond Orviston.

John Boyce, of Clarence, is not with the Snow Shoe crowd this year, having gone into camp in Clearfield County with a crowd from that section.

The Leathers-Shank crowd from Mt. Eagle are in camp in the Allegheny mountains some distance beyond that place.

The Zimmermans, from Hecla Park, are at their old quarters along Baker Run, in Clinton County.

The Rileys, of Boalsburg, are camping in the Bear Meadows.

The Raymond crew, from Boalsburg, are in the same section.

The State College crowd are camping near Shingletown.

The Confers, from Yarnell, are quartered beyond Orviston.

The Lingle crew, from Blanchard, are in camp in the Scootac region.

The Etters crowd, from Snow Shoe, are in camp along Field Run, Burnside Township.

The Pleasant Gap hunters are camping near Colyer.

The Lewis crowd, from Pine Glenn, are located on Eddy Lick, at the Dry Fork.

The Woodward crowd are in the Narrows, near Woodward.

The Pine Grove Mills crew are in camp in the Furnace Gap.

The Moshannon crowd are located at Bonghers Run, Burnside Township.

The Howard hunters are at Fisher Hill, Clinton County.

Reduced Claim for Maintenance.

In the Cambria County court several days ago Judge Stephens handed down an opinion awarding the Overseers of the Poor of Rush Township but $37.75 on a claim of $433.96 for the maintenance of William Peters and wife, indigent citizens of Cambria County. Under the act of 1905 money can be recovered only from the time an indigent person has been located. Overseers Thomas Dubbs and William Wood one month after taking office located Peters and his wife. Judge Stephens made the award for maintenance for this period only. He held that the previous overseers had not exercised proper diligence in the three years they were in office in locating the residence of the two indigent persons referred to.

Rev. H. N. Minnigh Dead.

Rev. Henry N. Minnigh, a retired minister of the Methodist Episcopal church, died at his home at Gettysburg last Friday from a complication of diseases at the age of 77 years. For thirty-five years he engaged in the active work of the ministry, during which time he filled many appointments in the Central Pennsylvania conference. During the Civil War he was captain of company K, First Pennsylvania reserves, and fought in the Valley of Death, at the battle of Gettysburg, this being the only company recruited in Adams county that saw service on native soil. He is survived by his wife and a son, Harry, of Altoona.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

John S. Auman,	Millheim
Leoda K. Decker,	State College
Louis H. Brown,	York
Lillian C. Williams	Bellefonte

Real Estate Transfers

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

David Wance to Jane E. Wance, tract in Haines Twp.; $129.20.

D. I. Wance, et al, to Eva A. Hill, tract in Haines Twp.; $1.

Thomas Foster, et al, to William C. Kelly, tract in College Twp.; $900.

Annie R. Lucas, et bar, to "Citizens Cornet Band of Runville", tract in Boggs Twp.; $25.

Philip E. Sellers, et ux, to Jacob Behrer, tract in Patton Twp.; $165.

Mercantile & Realty Co. to P. F. Garbrick, tract in Rush Twp.; $750.

Bellefonte Cemetery Assn. to P. F. Garbrick, tract in Bellefonte Cemetery $25.

Warren Partridge, et ux, to Penn Public Service Co., 3 tracts in Philipsburg Boro.; $1.

Cyrus Brungart, et ux, to L. W. Stover et al, tract in Millheim Boro.; $1,500.

Newton B. Miller, et ux, to Anna Myra Miller, tract in Ferguson Twp.; $1.

John Temple Collins to James E. Rich, 2 tracts in Curtin Twp.;

James E. Rich to "The Guarantee Trust," Inc.; 2 tracts in Curtin Twp.;

Citizens B. & L. Assn. Phbg, Pa. to Melvina G. Lehr, tract in Philipsburg Boro.; $1,500.

R. Emma Hess to Jennie Coburn Medlar Otto, tract in Haines Twp.; $1,700.

Harbison-Walker Refractories Co. to A. S. Cross, tract in Rush Twp.; $50.

John Hamilton, et ux, to Bess C. Kessinger, tract in State College Boro.; $600.

Mattie E. Luse to Clifford S. Thomas, tract in Centre Hall Boro.; $450.

Trustees Wm. A. Thomas Est. to Clifford S. Thomas, tract in Potter Twp.; $3,625.

Rowland W. Goss, et al, to Robert M. Custer, tract in Philipsburg Boro.; $1,400.

Albert N. Womelsdorf, et ux, to Isaac S. Frain, tract in Marion Twp.; $2,800.

J. Watt Miller to Jean B. Miller, tract in Ferguson Twp.; $100.

J. Watt Miller to Cadence E. Miller, tract in Ferguson Twp.; $100.

Harry G. Ebbs, et ux, to W. F. Rich, tract in Boggs Twp.; $5,250.

Winter Feeding for Ewes.

Breeding ewes when taken from pasture should be placed in quarters having good ventilation and clean, dry footing. It is at this period that the ewe should be fed a ration which will strengthen her vitality and enable her to overcome the drain attendant upon nursing the lamb during the previous year, and to meet the needs of the developing foetus.

A satisfactory ration for breeding ewes in use at the Pennsylvania State College is composed of clover or alfalfa hay in sufficient quantity to meet the appetite of the ewe, and corn silage or roots at the rate of two pounds per head daily. More than two pounds of either the two latter feeds is liable to provide too much succulence, which would prevent the consumption of enough roughage to meet the body and foetus requirements, when roughage is the sole ration.

If clover or similar hay is not available a grain ration of one-fourth to one-half pound per head daily should be fed, in addition to some good timothy hay. A mixture of equal parts of corn, oats and bran gives a satisfactory grain ration.

The lamb crop is the important item to keep in mind in sheep raising. Only by judicious feeding will the quality of the lambs be improved, the life of the ewes prolonged and greater profits assured.

Soils and Fertilizers.

For the farmer engaged in general agriculture the Farmers' Week program at the Pennsylvania State College this month is to be full of suggestions and ideas. Discussions on soils will include such topics as function and control of soil moisture; improvement of Pennsylvania soils; the principles of cultivation; and of organic matter.

Fertilizer topics include the lime sources of Pennsylvania; stable manure; relative value of different forms of lime; some recent facts on fertilizers; and purchase and home-mixing of fertilizers.

Farm crops will be covered in discussions on soybeans and cowpeas for Pennsylvania; sweet clover as a farm crop, successful potato culture; alfalfa; experiments with corn; and red clover.

Members of the college faculty and prominent men from other institutions in the country will give these lectures and demonstrations.

Football Player Killed.

Fred McGough, 20 years old, of Altoona member of the Dickinson College freshmen football team, died in City Hospital at Williamsport last Thursday night as the result of an accident in the Williamsport High School—Dickinson freshmen game that afternoon. McGough, playing left end, ran down under a punt and was blocked by a high school player. He fell to the ground and was picked up unconscious. He was rushed to City Hospital where it was found his skull was fractured.

For dyspepsia, our national ailment, use Burdock Blood Bitters. Recommended for strenghening digestion, purifying the blood. At all drug stores. $1.00 a bottle.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

Which is Better—Try an Experiment or Profit by a Bellefonte Citizen's Experience.

Something new is an experiment.
Must be proved to be as represented.
The statement of a manufacturer is not convincing proof of merit.
But the endorsement of friends is.
Now supposing you had a bad back,
A lame, weak, or aching one,
Would you experiment on it?
You will read of many so-called cures.
Endorsed by strangers from far-away places.
It's different when the endorsement comes from home.
Easy to prove local testimony.
Read this Bellefonte case:

Mrs. John Mignot, E. High St., Bellefonte, says: "I suffered from a dull ache across the small of my back for several weeks. At times when I bent over or lifted, a sharp pain shot through my back. I had heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and I knew that they were good, so I began taking them, procuring my supply at Parrish's Drug Store. They cured me."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Mignot had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Advises Early Shopping.

"Do your Christmas selling early," is the appeal of Commissioner John Price Jackson, of the State Department of Labor and Industry, at Harrisburg, to merchants throughout Pennsylvania in an effort to effect reasonably early daily closing of all mercantile establishments during the holidays and thus prevent prosecutions for violations of the labor laws.

The familiar, "Do your Christmas shopping early," is also directed by the Commissioner at the army of Christmas buyers in the hope of obtaining the co-operation that will make the appeal to the merchants effective.

"Christmas shopping should be done as early as is possible,—early in the day as well as early in the season," said Commissioner Jackson recently. "If all merchants in every community combine unitedly for a definite closing hour each night during the holiday season, none will lose trade, the law will be observed and every establishment will have fresher and more efficient clerks to meet the gruelling demands of the holiday rush.

"Girls under 21 years of age may not be employed in stores or factories after 9 o'clock at night or before 6 o'clock in the morning. No female may be employed more than six days a week, more than 54 hours a week, or more than 10 hours a day. When an establishment is closed for a legal holiday, females may be employed, during such week, two hours a day overtime for three days but the working hours for the week must not exceed 54.

"Inspectors of the Department of Labor and Industry in all sections of the State are instructed to pay special attention to the working hours of employes during the holiday season, not for the purpose of instituting many prosecutions but to see that the laws are obeyed and to relieve the often needlessly long hours of employes."

Indolence.

It has been said that the crime which Nature never forgives is indolence. It is certain that our bodies were never planned for idleness. Good health is invariably the result of a continued and rational exercising of both our bodies and minds.

Whenever we fail to exercise them for a period of time they are apt to degenerate. Not infrequently, owing to the close association of the various parts of the complex human machinery, this results in the impairment of one part and reflects upon the others.

The complications of modern life are very apt to result in our being forced into a restricted sphere and it requires thought and intelligence to keep mind and body in good condition, says State Health Commissioner Dixon.

The normal man and woman is endowed with a brain capable of development along various lines. To promote this development along a single line creates a one-sidedness which may readily become abnormal.

There has never been a time when opportunities were so great for those who desire to broaden their horison and cultivate interests aside from those forced upon them by their particular trade or occupation. Not to have interests and occupation in a world teeming with opportunities and possibilities is to admit of stupidity and sloth.

Fads of one sort or another may not seem worthy of comparison with the more serious employments of life; nevertheless they may serve those who have been relieved of the necessity of labor and in lieu of better occupation prevent degeneration of mind and body. To be occupied with trifles is better than not to be occupied at all.

To devote one's self to tasks which require concentration and a combined effort of mind and body stimulates a rational development and goes far toward keeping us sane and healthy.

A household remedy in America for 25 years—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. For cuts, sprains, burns, scalds, bruises. 25c and 50c. At all drug stores.

The Girl of New England

A Story For Thanksgiving.

By EDITH V. ROSS

One autumn Warren Bickford of Virginia happened to be in Massachusetts. Thanksgiving was coming on, and he had no invitation for dinner on that day. This did not trouble him, for the Thanksgiving anniversary, not being indigenous to the south, has never taken such hold there as in the rest of the country. Besides, being an ardent southerner, he was not enthusiastic over New England institutions. He admired the rosy cheeks of the girls of that region, but had never had any intention of marrying any but a dark eyed southern beauty.

Bickford had some cousins in Massachusetts living between Boston and Plymouth whom he had never seen. He had promised his mother that he would look them up and on arriving at Boston wrote them that he would be pleased to visit them if they would insruct him how to get to them. He heard nothing from them till the day before Thanksgiving, when he received an invitation to dine with them on that anniversary. They lived on a road some distance from a railway, and he would be obliged to go by auto a matter of ten miles from the station. The distance from Boston to their home being but forty miles, he concluded to hire a car and go by that conveyance.

He started about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, expecting to reach his cousin's home within two or three hours. But winter sets in early in that region, and the day ended with the advent of a violent snowstorm. Bickford, who was driving the machine, pushed on through the deepening snow, but his progress slackened, and it began to look as if he would be stalled.

That was the year when intense cold came on so early and so many persons lost their lives in a November blizzard. It was certainly not inviting to the southerner used to the sunny climate of Virginia. His lights after a time, on account of the snow, failed to show him the road, and presently he found himself in a ditch. He had a choice between remaining in the car or leaving it to find a better shelter. He decided to remain where he was, for a time at least, hoping that some wayfarer would come along and pick him up. He strove to keep himself awake, fearing that if he went to sleep he would freeze to death, but despite his efforts he sank into a doze.

Suddenly opening his eyes, he saw a very short distance ahead of him the lighted windows of a house. He wondered why he had not seen it before, for he had looked for a place of refuge in every direction. It occurred to him that the reason he had not seen it was because darkness had come on, the snow was falling thick, and the lights might not have been lighted. Determining to go to it, he got out of the auto. His limbs were stiff with the cold, and he moved with difficulty. On reaching the snow covered ground he staggered like a drunken man.

Though he had but a short distance to go, it seemed to him that he was hours in making the distance. Time and again he thought he must sink in his tracks, but he struggled onward and in time stood on a porch. He could not see the character of the house on account of the darkness and the falling snow. He was only able to catch an iron knocker on the door and give a few faint raps when he sank on the porch. In another moment the door was opened, and he was dazzled by the lights within.

A man in a strange costume lifted him up and supported him into the house. He had seen pictures of men dressed that way, but they had lived two or three centuries before. The man, calling for others to assist him, got Bickford into a room where was a four post bedstead and, placing him on the bed, called for hot rum. When it came Bickford drank it, and it seemed to give him strength. He sat up on the bed and declared that he was quite himself again, though his head was top heavy.

By this time a group of men, women and children were gathered about him. What astonished him was that they were all dressed in the costume of the pilgrims.

"I see," he said to himself, "this is a Thanksgiving party and they are celebrating it in the apparel of their forefathers."

But those who were looking at him seemed as much interested in his appearance as he was in theirs. However, since they refrained from commenting on his clothes he refrained from commenting on theirs. Rising from the bed, he said to them:

"I am sorry to intrude upon what I conceive to be a Thanksgiving family party, but on my way to attend a Thanksgiving dinner I got stalled in the snow. Seeing the lights in your windows, I came here with much difficulty and barely had strength to give a few taps on your knocker before sinking down with fatigue and benumbed with cold. Give me shelter for the night, and tomorrow I will leave you."

"We will not only give you shelter," said a patriarchal man with a white head, "but you shall join us in giving thanks for the abundant fruits of the earth we have been blessed with this autumn. You need rest. Lie down to sleep, and when you are refreshed we will see you again."

Bickford felt himself sinking into a slumber as the old man spoke and had a confused view of those who had gathered about him trooping out of the room. When he awoke or when he came to consciousness again—for all this seemed more like a dream than reality—he found himself sitting around a large table. At one end sat the old man who had bidden him rest. At the other was an old woman. There seemed to be several generations present, the youngest, a child of three years, sitting in a high chair in a quaint costume to correspond with the clothes of its elders.

The old man at the head of the table asked a blessing on the repast, giving thanks for the abundant crops and many comforts that had been showered on the family during the past year. Then the viands were served, and the company fell to, the men washing them down with potations of rum, the women with port brought from England and the children with milk.

Beside Bickford sat a girl, who from the moment he looked at her engrossed his attention. Her complexion was soft and smooth; her cheeks were a pale rose color. On her lips played an incessant smile.

"Who are you, pretty one?" asked Bickford.

"I am the girl of New England," was the reply. "I am noted for my health, strength and freshness. Poets have sung my prasises. I have been wooed by many a lover. My mother came over in the Mayflower, and I am the first girl born on Massachusetts soil."

Bickford was so taken aback by this speech that he sat looking at the girl in a sort of stupor. The girl of New England! Why did she not say "a" girl of New England? And what did she mean by saying that she was the first girl born on Massachusetts soil? And yet she looked—were she endowed with perpetual youth—as if she might be the first girl so born. There was something typical about her. She seemed rather to be the girl of New England than an individual girl.

It seemed to Bickford that there was more union in the family about the table than he had ever seen in any family before. The sons and sons-in-law, the daughters and daughters-in-law all treated the old couple with great reverence, being obedient to their wishes as their own children were to themselves. The twoscore persons sitting together seemed to be in this respect as one.

"It is the patriarchal system," said Bickford to himself. "These people have not only put on the apparel of the pilgrims for their Thanksgiving celebration, but they have turned away from that disrespect for old age which pertains to the present day and gone back to the reverence and affection of those who first set aside a day for giving thanks for the fruits of the earth."

The conversation about the table being carried in different small groups. Bickford could only get a broken bit from each. Some were speaking of regicides who had come to the colony to save their heads, others of dissenters, others of Old Noll, as Oliver Cromwell was called. A young woman was speaking of an acquaintance who had been brought to her senses by means of the ducking stool and seemed to think that she had been rightly served. Bickford wondered how a woman of the twentieth century could approve of such harsh treatment of one of her sex.

Bickford, the one guest who did not seem to be carried back 300 years, was offered rum like the others, but declined it. He was not used to drinking anything with his dinner stronger than wine, and the odor of the rum nauseated him. Finally one of the men urged him to drink. Bickford refused. The man rose from his seat and, with a cupful of rum in his hand, came to where the guest was sitting and insisted on his drinking. Bickford, surprised at an effort to force him to do what he did not wish to do, endeavored to push him away. The man put a muscular arm around Bickford's neck and forced the cup to his lips. He felt a warm stream going down his throat. The assembly faded, and he heard the words:

"He is coming round."

Instead of being at the dinner table Bickford was in his car. An arm was around his neck, and a flask was pressed to his lips. He drank not rum, but whisky. More liquor was swallowed, and he received a shaking sufficient to wake a dead man. Several persons were about him, and one was chafing his limbs.

It was soon plain to him that he had gone to sleep in his auto and had been found nearly frozen.

The snow, which had ceased falling, was not very deep. Bickford was removed to a house near by, where he spent the night, and the next morning finished his journey. On reaching his destination he was received by his cousin, a girl of twenty, with a rose in each cheek besides a dimple.

"Are you the girl of New England?" he asked.

"I am a New England girl," she replied, looking at him interrogatively at his strange question.

Bickford did not satisfy her curiosity—at least, not then—for he began to express his good fortune in having kind relatives in Massachusetts who were willing to take him in on the day so universally observed in the north, but he had been well pleased with the girl of New England who had come into his brain while the life was oozing out, and there was something in his cousin to remind him of her. At any rate, a feeling sprang up within him that he would like to take this New England girl back with him to Virginia, and a time came when his desire was gratified.

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EYES OF THE DEER.

An Incident That Spoiled a Hunter's Pleasure in the Chase.

A Canadian hunter tells this incident of how he once came face to face with his quarry and hadn't the heart to fire: "It wasn't a case of 'buck fever,' such as a novice might experience, for I had been a hunter for many years and had killed a good many deer.

"This was a particularly fine buck that I had followed for three days. A strong man can run any deer to earth in time, and at last I had my prey tired out. From the top of a hill I sighted him a few miles away. He had given up the fight and had stretched himself out on the snow. As I stalked him he changed his position and took shelter behind a bowlder, and, using the same bowlder for a shelter, I came suddenly face to face with him. He didn't attempt to run away, but stood there looking at me with the most piteous pair of eyes I ever saw.

"Shoot? I could have no more shot him that I could have shot a child. Had the chance come from a distance of a hundred yards I would have shot him down and carried his antlers home in triumph, but once having looked into those eyes it would have been nothing less than murder. I have hunted deer since then, but I find the sport affords me little pleasure. Whenever I draw a bead the picture of those mute, appealing eyes comes before me, and though it has not prevented me from pulling the trigger, I have always felt glad somehow when my bullet failed to find its mark."

The Treasury Department.

Alexander Hamilton was the first secretary of the treasury (1789-95). Michael Hillegas was the first United States treasurer. Hillegas was appointed to the office July 29, 1775, when he and George Clymer were chosen together in the formation of what was the germ of the treasury department. Hillegas served alone through practically his entire term, however, as Clymer soon resigned to take a seat as delegate to congress. Hillegas' term expired Sept. 11, 1789, and he was succeeded by Samuel Meredith. Both men were from Pennsylvania. The treasury department was formally organized by act of Sept. 2, 1789, but, strictly speaking, this was merely a reorganization, for the department under various names had been in existence since 1775.

Soils Respond to Treatment.

The Pennsylvania Experiment Station, at State College, through recent preliminary field and pot experiments on DeKalb soils near Snow Shoe, Centre county, has shown that these soils respond to applications of phosphorus and lime.

About 43.5 per cent or 12,000,000 acres, of the total soil area in Pennsylvania is of the DeKalb type. A considerable portion of this acreage is uncleared, although most of the marketable timber has been removed. To determine methods whereby this soil may be brought under cultivation, the Pennsylvania Station has outlined more extensive field experiments based on the results obtained in a preliminary way. These experiments have for their object a study of the relative value of various fertilizer treatments suitable for building up wornout or depleted farm land.

A field has already been secured for these experiments which has not been under cultivation for nearly fifty years, is at present grown up in weeds and bushes, and is typical of thousands of acres of land in Pennsylvania.

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NEAL of the NAVY

By William Hamilton Osborne,

AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE," "RUNNING FIGHT," "CATSPAW," "BLUE BUCKLE," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.

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SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues five-year-old Annette Ilington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Ilington is assaulted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become a blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Ponto, Inez, a female accomplice, and the mindless brute that once was Ilington, come to Seaport, where the widow of Captain Hardin is living with her son, Neal and Annette Ilington, and plot to steal the papers left to Annette by her father. Neal tries for admission to the Naval academy, but through the treachery of Joey Welcher is defeated by Joey and disgraced. Neal enlists in the navy. Inez sets a trap for Joey and the conspirators get him in their power. Annette discovers that heat applied to the map reveals the location of the lost island. Subsequently in a struggle for its possession the map is torn in three parts, Hernandez, Annette and Neal each securing a portion. Annette sails on the Coronado in search of her father. The crew mutiny, and are overcome by a boarding party from U. S. Destroyer Jackson, led by Neal. In Martinique Annette and Neal are captured and taken to a smugglers' cave to be blown up with dynamite, but are rescued by a sponge diver. Inez forges identification papers for herself as Annette. In an insurrection Neal and Annette are again captured, carried to the Sun City and Annette is offered as a sacrifice to the sun god. They are rescued by marines from the Albany.

NINTH INSTALLMENT

THE YELLOW PERIL

CHAPTER XL.

The Pests of Tortuga.

The commander of the Albany lowered his glasses. He beckoned to Neal Hardin, a gunner on his ship. Neal answered the summons and saluted.

"You may inform your friend Miss Ilington and her party that in half an hour they will be set ashore at Tortuga," he directed.

Neal started off. "One moment," added the commander. "Tell Miss Ilington that I'd like to speak to her."

Neal found Annette and delivered the message—and in a moment Annette was at the commander's side.

"Miss Ilington," said the commander, "without intruding, may I ask the purpose of your extensive peregrination?"

"Peregrination describes it," said Annette laughing, "and you may." She glanced about her—even there—a bit stealthily, and produced her chamois bag, and from it took the map—the old time-worn, yellow, tattered parchment map of the Lost Isle of Cinnibar. The commander glanced at it with interest.

"Hum," he said at length, "no longitude, no latitude."

Annette smiled. "Heat brings out the hidden inscription," she returned, "the latitude is there but you can't

Annette Ministers to the Sick.

see it—so is the longitude. I know it by heart—18 degrees 30 minutes north and 123 degrees 40 minutes west—and there, somehow, I hope to meet my father—and find his quicksilver mines."

"Pacific ocean," mused the commander, "off Mexico, Central America—South America—but not far off. There's something in my mind about that locality—what is it? I've heard talk about it somewhere. Something—I can't recall."

He returned the map. "What I desired to say, Miss Ilington," he went on, "is this—if I had my way I'd take you there. But the United States navy has other duties to perform. Yonder is Tortuga. We'll see you safe ashore—and if we find the shore isn't safe, we'll see you safe ashore some other place. I am expecting orders daily, to return. Glad to have been of service."

An hour later Annette and her party disembarked from one of the Albany's launches.

Back in the jungle, on the outskirts of the Aztec village of Corazon del Sol, a few days before, three men—accompanied by a native guide or two—had crept through the jungle toward civilization and the shore. On the second day they had reached a railway station, such as it was, and a railroad, such as it was. They found the stationmaster.

"When does the next train go?" demanded Hernandez.

The official yawned. "When she returns from Tortuga, the pestilential—possibly tomorrow afternoon."

Hernandez stamped his foot impatiently.

Hours later from a clump of trees on the outskirts of Tortuga Hernandez, Ponto and Brute peered across the bay.

Suddenly Hernandez clutched Ponto by the arm. "Look," he cried, 'they come."

Through the opening in the leaves he pointed toward the wharf. Annette and her little coterie were landing on the wharf.

"Ponto," said Hernandez, "that little wildcat of a girl—she and her smooth-faced sweetheart—they have tricked us long enough. This time they shall not get away."

CHAPTER XLI.

Pestilence.

As Annette's party passed along, single file, up the narrow overgrown shore road, slapping and swatting mosquitoes to their heart's content, they heard a quick step behind them. They turned. An officer closing up their rear, saluted.

He was the ship's surgeon. He strode on with brisk pace. "Let me get ahead there if you please," he said, "there's something that I don't like about this place—I want to have a look."

Scarcely had he said it before a native woman darted out of a tumbledown hut—one of many that fronted on the shore road.

"Madre di Dios," she cried in shrill accents. "Americanos—help—succor. For the love of heaven."

She kneeled by the roadside and as the surgeon swung along, she clasped him by the knees.

"My child—my man child—my only one," she wailed, in the Spanish tongue, "he is at death's door. Help, Senor, senora, schorita—help."

The surgeon lifted the woman to her feet. He spoke soothingly in Spanish to her, and turned and told the others what she said.

"Go on, everybody," he cried, pointing up the road, "let nobody follow me. Go your way."

Annette and her little party proceeded forthwith to the hotel—a flimsy affair, rejoicing in the cognomen of the Inn of the Spanish Don.

Hut after hut the surgeon entered, glancing quizzically into the face of some sufferer—nodding solemnly with pursed-up lips—left tablets and directions, and then went on his way.

Finally he found his way to the center of the town and made an inquiry. He was directed to a somewhat formal looking building.

The surgeon strode on into the house. He found the mayor in his pajamas, smoking a cigar.

The surgeon seated himself and accepted a palmleaf fan. "Sorry," he said, "but your place reeks with yellow fever—you've got an epidemic on your hands—"

Mayor Ramon Carrol started up. "Madre di Dios," he cried, "what—not another one. They will impeach me—it is ruin. Say not so."

The surgeon nodded. "Don't get excited, Senor Carrol," he returned, "fortunately the Albany is in the roadstead. I'll fetch over a hospital force. We'll do what we can. Have you got a piece of paper—I want half a dozen sheets. That's what I came here for."

He got them and went on his way. His way lay past the Inn of the Spanish Don. He stopped.

"Here, Gunner Hardin," he cried, "come out in the road and spray me with this." Neal sprayed him. The surgeon sat down in the hotel office and harangued Annette's party. He harrangued them from a distance. "You people," he said, "are in no danger—not even Mrs. Hardin—if you follow my instructions.

"The important thing," went on the surgeon, "is the mosquitoes. It isn't likely the bites you've got have done you any harm. I'll leave you tablets anyhow, to ward the fever off. But I'll do more—I'll have mosquito netting fetched over from the ship and you can sleep under it at night. Now I want help—"

He distributed the sheets of official paper he had obtained from Mayor Ramon Carrol.

"Sit down—all of you—anywhere," he commanded, "and write out what I say. It'll be in Spanish—and it's got to be plain. I'll spell the words so you won't go wrong. Begin."

And then he dictated the warning that was posted that afternoon in all the public places of the town.

NOTICE.

All people are hereby warned that yellow fever is carried by mosquitoes. Avoid being bitten if you can and kill all the mosquitoes you find.

RAMON CARROL, Mayor.
In co-operation with U. S. S. Albany.

"Gunner," he said to Neal, "you're on shore leave, I know. But I'd be glad if you'd buckle to and tack these up in town. I'll go back to the ship and get my squad and a few supplies. Until then good-by."

That afternoon Ramon Carrol, the mayor of Tortuga, stood, now clad in his official uniform, in the middle of his doorway, surrounded by a clamoring mob.

"See, now, my people," he exclaimed, "there is no cause for alarm. See what I am doing for you—what other mayor has done so much? Note the magnificent cruiser—of the United States—the Albanez— I have sent for it—it has come—at my request. Upon that cruiser are the most wonderful specialists in the world—they are among you—see, yonder—see their white coats—here, there, everywhere. Out of my private fortune (which is vast, my children) out of my private fortune I am paying all these specialists. . . ." He sighted suddenly a figure on the outskirts of the crowd. His manner changed. The figure was that of the surgeon of the Albany—he pressed forward and joined the mayor.

"Ah, senor," said the mayor, speaking in a low tone and rapidly, "I have been telling my people—see I have congregate them for the purpose—how noble, beneficent your country is—how you have, free of all charge and without expense—come to our prosperous little community and have fight the pestilence. They are grateful."

The surgeon snorted. "Excuse me for a moment," he exclaimed. He darted down the street and caught a young woman by the arm just as she was entering an adobe hut.

The young woman was Annette Ilington.

"You young renegade," he cried, sternly, "I thought I told you to keep away—hands off—you'll kill yourself."

From inside there came a low moaning sound—a wail.

Annette broke away from the surgeon's grasp. "Gee whiz," he said, "you're strong."

The wail inside turned to speech—quavering Spanish—

"Little white angel," cried the voice, "come, little white angel—and lay your hands on me, Come quick, before I die."

CHAPTER XLII.

Pernicious Plots.

It was after dark. Out of a clump of trees upon a hill there sauntered forth a man—this man was Ponto. He picked his way carefully—warily. Before he knew it he was where he wanted not to be—in the streets of the town. Once in, he started out, but something attracted his attention. A little crowd of men and women stood about a placard tasked upon the side of a hut. Ponto read it swiftly.

Ponto raised his eyebrows significantly. He had heard rumors—this confirmed them.

"Mosquitoes," he said softly to himself, "mosquitoes." He tucked the word mosquitoes back in the inmost recesses of his mind and went his way. Skirting the town he reached the Inn of the Spanish Don. From the rear he spied a figure in a window. He whistled softly.

A woman in the window started slightly, and peered out.

Ponto clambered up to the window and noiselessly tore the net from it, immediately replacing it as best he might. He sniffed the air.

"Ah," whispered Inez Castro softly, "I am smeared with crude oil—face and hands and ankles. I am immune. Here, you smear also, Ponto."

"Where," queried Ponto, "is the map?"

"So far as I determine," answered Inez, "she has it still."

"You cannot get it?"

"Not unless I show my hand," said Inez.

Ponto shook his head. "Not," he returned, "until the chief says the word. What of mine host?" he queried.

"A blood-sucker," answered Inez; he'll do anything for coin."

"Summon him," said Ponto.

The proprietor was summoned. At the door, at sight of Ponto he started back in surprise. But Ponto held his finger on his lips, and exhibited a multitude of coins in the open palm of his hand. The proprietor advanced and quickly appropriated the coin.

"More later," whispered Ponto, "sit down—confer with us."

An hour later Ponto—a black patch on the background of black night itself—stealthily pushed open the door of a hut in the middle of a clump of small trees on a hill.

A man inside, waking suddenly, as suddenly sprang up, knife in hand.

"Soft, capitan," whispered Ponto, "it is but I."

The two men struck a light and sat down facing each other.

Ponto spoke in measured tones—every word that he uttered from now on contained portent. He knew what he was about. In the back of his head he had an idea—baleful but useful.

"Yes," he said, "the mosquitoes carry the pestilence. One might call it the mosquito sickness just as well. And at dusk, then is their time—then they bite the worst—"

"Go on," commanded Hernandez grimly. He felt that Ponto was holding something back.

"Little White Angel," Whined the Native.

"The little white angel," went on Ponto as though reciting a lesson.

"Eh," cried Hernandez.

"Our young friend of the map—that is what they call her—everywhere. The little white angel. She goes about from hut to hut—from fever-stricken patient to fever-stricken patient—yet she survives. But she will answer any call."

He leaned forward. "You understand, capitan," he said, "she will answer any call. Let sickness call to her, she goes."

"Ah," said Hernandez, "that is well. And the gunner—where is he?"

"Everywhere—he, too, will answer any call."

"Um," said Hernandez, "go on—go on."

Ponto's eyes gleamed. "Ah," he said, "one mile out of town—and through this clump of bushes where we sit—down in yonder hollow—"

"Go on," commanded Hernandez, "what lies down in the hollow by this hill?"

Ponto shaded his mouth with his hand. "Whisper," he returned, "whisper. No one—not even he—shall hear."

For a moment he whispered into the ear of Hernandez. When he had finished Hernandez rose to his feet—with glittering eyes.

"It's here," he said, in his turn tapping his forehead. "I have it. By heaven, this time they shall not get away."

CHAPTER XLIII.

Perilous Places.

Ten days later Annette Ilington, now called the little white angel even by the shore squad from the cruiser, felt her skirts plucked by a clutching hand. She looked down. A native—a mere bag of bones in a jumble of rags—crouched at her feet.

"Little white angel," whined the native in Spanish—and Annette had learned enough of the tongue to listen to appeals for help—"my daughter—just like you—so kind, and pretty. She lies at death's door. You have food, you have medicine—and you can lay your hand on her. She will get well. What you have done for others you can do for her."

An officer from the Albany turned the corner. Annette's heart leaped. The man was Neal Hardin.

"Neal," she cried, "listen to him—talk to him for me. Ask him where his daughter is—I'll go unless it's too far."

Neal spoke to the man in his native language. The man jabbered back eloquently.

"Only a short distance out of town," said Neal, "over that hill."

"I'll go," said Annette.

Neal pondered for a moment. "All right," he said, "and I'm free just now. I'll go with you."

The native leaped to his feet with alacrity and ran crookedly ahead of them. Outside of the town they plunged into undergrowth and then through woods—but the ground was dry and the trail was fairly good.

At the door of a hut the native paused and motioned them in.

Neal and Annette entered side by side. In a dark corner was a huddled shape under a filthy cloth. Annette sprang toward it. At that instant the native dropped to the ground and clutched Neal's ankles tightly in each hand. At the same instant the huddled figure in the corner leaped to its feet—it was no stricken girl—it was Hernandez, with the light of triumph in his eyes. And at the same instant Ponto and the brute sprang into the fray. . . .

It was only a matter of a moment before Annette and Neal found themselves bound and lying on the floor, propelled an intoxicated native—a bag of bones clad in a jumble of rags. Another native pounced upon him and shook him like a terrier shakes a rat.

"This man, senor," said the sober native, "curses on him—he knows where the little white angel is. Come, he will guide us there. Tell them, you dog."

The dog told. He didn't want to, but neither did he like the prick of bayonets through his hide—so he told, and then he led the way. By the time they had reached the outskirts of the town, the whole town was with them.

Hernandez, in his hut, heard the commotion. He knew in his bones what it was. "Come on," he cried to Ponto, "we're going back into that swamp—I swore they should not get away—you swore it, too."

"How will we get there," shivered Ponto.

"The Brute is a brute," said Hernandez, "where he has been once, he can always find the way. Come. Lead on—lead on."

The Brute, under the usual stimulant of cuffs and blows, led on. Ponto followed. At the edge of the swamp, Hernandez, with a wicked smile, dropped silently to one side and crawled behind a clump of bushes.

Out on that fateful islet in the center of the quagmire, Neal, his eyes heavy lidded with sleep, was holding Annette in his arms. She was oblivious. Suddenly he woke her up and sprang to his feet, drawing her with him.

"Someone comes," he whispered. No sooner had he said it than the Brute was upon them. He seized Neal as in a vise. But Neal—a trickster in a wrestling match—wriggled out of his grasp. He seized a heavy stick and lunged at the Brute. The Brute engaged him once again. Ponto tore the stick away from Neal, and whirling it about his head, brought it down with a resounding crack upon Neal's head.

Neal dropped like a log.

Ponto, knowing the reason for haste, turned and looked about him. He was puzzled by Hernandez' absence, but this was no time to wonder. He drew a knife and started toward Annette.

"This time," he cried, "you shall not get away."

Annette ran, crookedly, hysterically, across the small islet. In another instant she was waist deep in the quagmire, and still sinking. Ponto from terra firma, lunged at her with his knife—but his lunge fell short. Annette struggled away—tried to reach some place of safety. But her way was blocked by a waterlogged piece of wood. Against this she rested, wide-eyed, watching Ponto's efforts—sinking, sinking all the time.

For the first time she screamed. The Brute, busy with Neal who lay upon the ground, heard her and swung around. He saw what was happening. Ponto has raised his knife on high. Failing to strike—he was about to hurl it at the girl—and Ponto's aim was perfect.

". . . never get away," snarled Ponto. At that instant the Brute seized a heavy stone in his hand, and

He Spied a Figure in a Window.

hurled it with tremendous force at him. It grazed his head, stunning him. The Brute, grasping in his hand a sapling, leaned far out from the shore of the little islet and with one hand grasped Annette, drew her, dripping from the quagmire and set her on dry land.

. . . Behind him he heard shouts. In a frenzy of fear, he seized Ponto's body, slung it over his shoulder, and then, with the instinct of a brute and not a man, he leaped lightly, but surely, from bog to bog, and disappeared along some pathless trail.

Ten minutes later Annette, in the midst of a motley crowd of tars and natives—and in the glare of many torches, was answering Neal's whispered question.

"No, dear," she whispered back, "they didn't get the map. They couldn't get it. Last week I gave it—for safe keeping—to the commander of the Albany."

And then she fainted dead away.

(continued on page 6)

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., December 2, 1915

CHARLES R. DORWORTH, - Ed. & Pub

Subscription rate $1.50 a year strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

—— Advertising Rates. ——

One Column, 1 year.....$100
One Half Column, 1 year.....60
One Quarter Column, 1 year.....35

Legal advertising, 20c per six point line for each three insertions, with the exception of Administrators, Executors and Auditors notices which are advertised at the established rate of $2.50, each.

Patrick Hasit Gherrity.

Fatalities on the football field are over for another year. We now await tidings from the hunting camps.

Old Santa Claus has been right generous with the Republican party in Centre County. Year in and year out Old Santa is a pretty good old scout.

Wednesday marked the opening of the deer season in Pennsylvania. Wisconsin reports a record this year of only six hunters killed during the deer season in that State, as compared with 24 fatalities last year.

The merchant who says that he doesn't understand how the other fellow can afford to advertise overlooks the point that the other fellow couldn't afford it if he didn't advertise. There is a moral in this for some of our Bellefonte merchants.

Congress reconvenes on Monday, next. Between writing messages to Congress and messages to Dan Cupid the President will have his hands full. The fact that his wedding is scheduled before Congress gets down to real work would seem to suggest that the President is a sincere believer in the policy of preparedness.

Christmas is near at hand. Merchants who advise early shopping should aid prospective patrons by advertising early. The shopper appreciates learning in advance what may be found in the stores. And it is reasonably certain that the shopper will go to the store where he knows he will find what he wants in preference to taking chances on others.

Governor Brumbaugh in an interview while in Philadelphia on Monday declared that he had no thought of becoming a candidate for the United States Senate next year to succeed Senator Oliver. Apparently the Governor is not being misled by the little group of men who pretend to be greatly interested in his political advancement but whose real motive is to create dissension in the Republican party in the hope that they may be able to step in and assume control.

Out in Kansas City, Missouri, a Judge has issued to a woman who had been abused by her husband a permit, good for two weeks, to "beat him up in any manner desired." Surely the "Show Me" State is establishing a precedent that puts husbands in other States in danger of really being compelled through fear to treat their wives with wholesome respect. While we confess admiration the Missouri Judge we also confess to harboring the suspicion that he is a bachelor.

All told, Penn State achieved a notable record on the football field during the season just closed. But two games were lost, those to Harvard and Pittsburgh. It is to be regretted that Harvard has not seen fit to include Penn State in next year's schedule. Sheer merit has placed the Blue and White among the very forefront of the country's greatest football elevens. Perhaps the time is not far distant when public opinion will not permit Penn State to be side-tracked by the larger colleges in making up their schedules. It would seem that Penn State is desired only so long as she proves interesting for practice skirmishes for for the more famous teams, and dropped from the schedule when she demonstrates that she is a dangerous rival.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he a senior partner of the firm of F. J Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S. CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE

A Story of Parisian Politics

By F. A. MITCHEL

Politics was running high in Paris. A candidate was speaking to an audience, inveighing against the demagogues who, he asserted, were corrupting the masses. "Money," he said, "is flowing like water. There is a man in this audience who I know has received 100 francs for his vote. Just think of it—100 francs for the surrender of the invaluable privilege he enjoys under the republic of expressing his wish in national affairs!"

After the meeting the speaker, Victor Daroux, was sitting in a restaurant on the Boulevard des Italiens with a couple of friends, partaking of a supper. He was just raising a glass of wine to his lips when a man stepped up to him and said:

"M. Daroux, I am the bearer of a message to you from my friend M. Charlier. He demands a retraction from you in tomorrow morning's journals of your accusation in your speech this evening that he has sold his vote. In case you refuse"—

Daroux, who was staring in wonder at the speaker, broke in—

"Why does M. Charlier assume that I referred to him in my remarks?"

"Because you looked directly at him when you made the accusation."

Daroux was deliberating what to do in the matter when a waiter approached and informed him that a gentleman in another part of the room desired to speak to him privately. Excusing himself, Daroux went to this newcomer.

"M. Daroux," said the man, "I represent M. Arnoux. He demands an immediate retraction of your accusation made this evening that he has sold his vote for 100 francs."

Daroux was tempted to laugh, but the speaker was so serious that he refrained.

"Why does M. Arnoux assume that I referred to him in my remarks?" he asked.

"Because you were looking directly at him."

Daroux was silent a few moments, then said:

"And if I refuse to retract?"

"In that case M. Arnoux expects that you will give him the satisfaction due from one gentleman who has wrongfully accused another."

"Let me have your address," said Daroux. "I will send an early reply."

Returning to his table, Daroux received the same announcement from M. Charlier's friend of what was expected in case of a refusal to retract and called also for his address. The man had scarcely gone when a third came and demanded a retraction for M. Blanc for the same offense and received the same answer as the others.

"It seems," said Daroux to his friends, "that if a guilty conscience counts for anything there has been a good deal of vote selling."

During the next half hour three more men demanded a retraction of M. Daroux for accusing them of selling their votes, and the accuser, after being informed that a refusal would be followed by a challenge, called for the party's address and promised to send an early reply.

"It does not seem so remarkable," said Daroux after the last man had been disposed of, "that so many men have sold their votes, but that the price in each case should have been a hundred francs. I had heard before rising to speak that 10,000 francs had been distributed among certain influential voters, but I did not know that a hundred francs was the current price paid. I fancied that some one of the persons bribed might be in the meeting, and it occurred to me to fire an effective shot by making a pointed accusation. It seems that I have killed half a dozen birds with a single stone."

These words were spoken to friends who were with Daroux when the avalanche of demands for retraction fell upon him. One of the party suggested that if the matter were properly handled sufficient capital might be made out of it to win the election. Daroux was running for the corps legislatif, but his opponent was so lavish with money that he had no hope of being elected. However, those gentlemen now gathered about him at the restaurant were shrewd politicians, and they set themselves to find a method of procedure by which the incident at home might be used to turn the scale in his favor.

It was decided to stave off the matter till the day before the election, which was to take place in four days. The day after the demands for satisfaction were made no reply was sent. The second day each one of the conscience stricken men received word that M. Daroux refused to retract. A reply to his refusal was returned by each one of the six men accused in the shape of a challenge to mortal combat.

Daroux chose six seconds to represent him, and since, being the challenged party, he was entitled to choice of weapons, time and place of meeting he instructed each second in accepting the challenge to choose foils, to appoint the time at 10 o'clock on the morning before the election and the place the Place de la Concorde.

Every challenger was struck with amazement that so public a place should have been chosen for the meeting. "I cannot see," said M. Charlier, "how he expects to make capital out of so great publicity. He has made an accusation which is thrown back in his teeth, and he must answer for it under the code. Surely there is no advantage in this." M. Arnoux was much puzzled at the choice of place of meeting, and M. Blanc—who, by the bye, had distributed the money used to buy votes—began to fear that some game was to be played. Nevertheless he did not see how he could do anything to prevent it.

At a quarter to 10 on the morning appointed for the fight M. Daroux, surrounded by his six seconds and a surgeon, appeared in the Place de la Concorde, near the base of the obelisk. Paris was quite alive at that hour, and many persons were passing and repassing. Seeing the party at the foot of the obelisk, the seconds with foils under their arms, the surgeons with their boxes of instruments, persons stopped to learn what it all meant. Gradually a crowd collected, and the word was passed from one to another that there was to be a duel.

"Can you tell me," asked one of another, "who that distinguished looking man is, with his arms folded, waiting?"

"That, monsieur, is M. Victor Daroux, candidate for election tomorrow for the corps legislatif."

"And why so many attendants?"

"That I do not know; I am waiting to find out."

At the moment a carriage drove up, and M. Arnoux, attended by his second and a surgeon, alighted. He seemed quite chagrined at seeing the crowd, but it had been not entirely unexpected. He supposed that Daroux was intending to make a display of his skill and bravery on the eve of the election. Arnoux, seeing that no one of the other party made any advance to begin the fight, said:

"Pardon me, gentlemen. If we are to fight so publicly it may be well to begin at once and have it over with."

"There is another ahead of you, monsieur," replied one of Daroux's seconds.

"Another! What other?"

"One who took M. Daroux's accusations to himself."

Arnoux winced.

Another carriage rolled up, and another challenger alighted. He, too, was delayed, and before the cause of his delay could be explained to him four other defenders of their honor arrived in quick succession. The crowd by this time had swelled and was in a fever heat of expectation. No one understood why so many men, each attended by a second bearing foils, should continue to pour in. It happened that M. Charlier, who was the first challenger, arrived last. As soon as he came M. Daroux's second begged the crowd to make room, since the duel was about to begin. The other five challengers protested, and the crowd began to hoot and yell, at the same time pressing the duelists so closely that there was no room for the fray. Finally some one of the crowd yelled:

"What's it all about?"

"It's a put up job!" cried one of the bystanders.

"There's half a dozen of 'em picking on one!" shouted another.

"There's an advertising dodge in it somewhere. Wait and see," was a third person's explanation.

"Here comes a gendarme!"

Meanwhile Daroux stood silent with folded arms, the only person whose dignified appearance commanded respect. When the gendarme arrived Daroux said something to him in a low tone, to which the officer assented.

Then M. Daroux, raising his hand to impose silence, made an explanation. He began by telling of hearing on good authority that a large sum was being used to land his political opponent in office and of his having made a blind charge. Then he told how each of six different men in the audience had taken the accusation to himself and demanded a retraction or satisfaction.

"And now, my friends," continued the speaker, "I am here to back my words. I have accused none of these gentlemen. They have accused themselves. For we all know that a guilty conscience needs no accuser."

The men who had come to fight Daroux got away as fast as they could, amid the jeers of the crowd. Daroux entered his carriage with his attendants and drove across the Seine to the legislative building on the other bank, attended by an enormous crowd. There he alighted and made a political speech, in which he told the story to a multitude of voters.

Every evening paper in Paris had an account of the affair, and the cafes were filled with persons laughing at the way Daroux had exposed the corruption of his opponents. That night he spoke to an immense concourse, who demanded again and again to hear the story from his own lips.

The journals the next morning all published editorials upon the low grade to which Paris politics had sunk and the iniquity of using money at elections. During the day Daroux drove from one polling place to another and wherever he appeared was greeted with shouts of applause mixed with laughter at the way he had turned the tables on his opponents.

Before 9 o'clock at night it was known all over Paris that Daroux had been elected, and when the papers came out the next morning they announced a landslide in his favor.

What became of the six self accusers was never known. They got away from under the limelight as quickly as possible, and on the day after the election not one of them was to be found in Paris. Daroux was urged to proceed against them for bribery, but, since the only evidence against them was what they had themselves furnished, no action was ever taken in the matter.

THE LAUGH

How They Solved the Mystery

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Harley and Rogers, investigating lawyers, faced each other in some dismay.

"A murder case," remarked Harley at last. "That's rather out of our line, isn't it?"

"Just because no one has brought one to our doors. We've taken everything in sight so far," grinned Rogers.

"Then we won't let this one get by, eh? Good thing it's vacation time. Now tell me what Dr. Hibbert had to say about the matter."

"I found him waiting in the office when I arrived this morning. He said that he had a curious story to tell me.

"It seems he has been attending a patient, Emery Armstrong, who lives in a dilapidated house on the Freeman road. Armstrong was a middle aged man of eccentric habits and lived alone with a hired man, a Swede of the name of Lindquist.

"Armstrong had money or was reputed to be a miser, but his house appeared poverty stricken. He always paid the doctor with grumbling reluctance.

"Armstrong had been sick for some time, nothing dangerous apparently, merely a low malarial fever. He was so much improved that Hibbert decided he need not come any more.

"When he went to pay his last visit last night the man Lindquist met him at the door and said that his employer was unconscious. The doctor found Armstrong had been dead for several hours. Investigation showed that the man had been shot through the heart as he lay in bed.

"The shot had penetrated bedclothing and all, and yet there were no powder marks from a gun pressed against the bedding.

"Lindquist appeared stupefied when told that his employer was dead. He admitted, that he had been away all night and had just returned. Hibbert came directly to us and has now gone to notify the police authorities."

"Where is Lindquist?" asked Harley.

"Oh, Hibbert left the man alone there. Rather an odd thing to do under the circumstances."

"Of course Hibbert's reputation is impeccable," remarked Harley, reaching for his hat. "Coming with me?"

"Yes. I'd like to beat the police to it. My car is below."

The young lawyers went down to the street and entered Rogers' low swung racing car. In fifteen minutes they were turning into the neglected grounds surrounding the Armstrong house. They were quite extensive, and the masses of shrubbery furnished excellent hiding places for any one prowling around bent on mischief.

The house itself, once a lofty colonial mansion with pillared porticoes and many wings, was in a tumbledown condition.

There was no sign of life around the place, and Rogers could not help a sudden tightening of nervousness when he recollected that the murderer might be concealed where he could pick them off one at a time as they entered the house.

The same thought occurred to Harley, and he was glad they were both armed with automatic weapons.

Rogers lifted the ancient brass knocker and rapped gently.

If Lindquist was on guard he would answer at once.

The knock reverberated as though through empty rooms.

"What was that sound?" asked Rogers. "It sounded like a laugh."

Harley had heard it too.

"Perhaps the Swede has gone insane," he suggested and turned the doorknob.

The door opened halfway and then stopped.

The two men entered and almost fell over the squat form of a man huddled on the floor in a pool of blood.

"It is Lindquist—shot in the back!" muttered Rogers as he got up from his knees.

"It has just happened." Harley touched his companion's arm. "The murderer may still be here," he breathed.

Weapons in hand, they searched the lower rooms, finding only dust and decay, except in the kitchen, which bore evidence of being in daily use.

On the second floor only one room was habitable. This was the one in which the dead man lay.

This was a lofty chamber furnished in the black walnut "period" of forty years ago. There was every evidence of comfort here, the bookcases running over with volumes. The well equipped writing desk, with its scattered papers and fine reading lamp, denoted that Emery Armstrong had spent much of his time in his own apartment.

But the quiet occupant of the room! The two young men turned back the sheet and looked upon a noble countenance.

A hasty examination of the room showed nothing to indicate there had been a struggle.

The big bed stood almost in the center of the room, and it had been made up with the pillows at the foot, under a hanging lamp.

"So he could read in bed," explained Rogers. "There was a book near his hand when the doctor found him."

At that instant there was a confusion below stairs. The coroner and his associates had arrived. Dr. Hibbert was with them.

The two young men went downstairs and found them crowded around Lindquist's body.

"Well?" asked Hibbert eagerly.

Rogers shook his head. "We've only just come," he explained.

"It's a clear case," said the coroner. "This man killed his employer and has committed suicide."

"Shot himself in the back?" asked Rogers. "We found no weapon either."

Harley and Rogers met a battery of unpleasant glances.

Dr. Hibbert hastened to explain their presence on the scene, but the young investigators were given to understand that their presence was both untimely and quite unofficial.

The coroner and his associates were eager to have the investigation to themselves and felt jealous of the interference of the two young lawyers.

They scorned the theory of a third person being involved, though Rogers told them about the uncanny laugh which had followed their first knock upon the door.

"You find the laugh, young fellow," grinned the police detective, "and I'll get the chief to appoint you on the detective bureau."

"Done!" exclaimed Rogers confidently, and he withdrew with his partner, while the others went on upstairs.

"How about the laugh?" queried Harley as they stood in the kitchen.

"We must find the woman," said Rogers.

"The woman?"

"Yes. There's a woman somewhere around the place. Why? She has been down and made some tea. The pot is still warm. There are the dregs in a cup. Armstrong is dead, and Lindquist probably did not make the tea. Men fly to strong liquors in times of stress. This tea was being made when we entered the house."

"Where is she?" asked Harley. "All the doors are bolted on the inside, even the door leading to the cellar."

"We might try the attic. These back stairs will take us up there."

Rogers led the way up a narrow, dusty flight of stairs. Once he paused and searched the treads with his flashlight.

Plainly visible in the dust were the imprints of a small stockinged foot.

"We are on the right track," said Harley.

The stairs ended in a small hall on the second floor, and, opening another door, they discovered a dusty flight winding upward.

Now they walked cautiously, guns in hand. Under the low roof the attic divided into several rooms.

Harley and his companions had not taken ten steps before they heard once more that wild laugh.

They peered through a half open door.

The room was directly over Armstrong's sleeping apartment.

In the middle of the floor a board had been removed, and beside the hole knelt a woman. She was a small creature, bent with years and illness. Gray hair hung in tangled locks about her wrinkled face, and her large, dark eyes were wild and glittering as she lifted her head and regarded the two men.

Then, without comment on their intrusion, she bent over the hole and appeared to look down.

Rogers silently placed himself where he could lean over and look down also.

He saw the lath and plaster of the bedroom ceiling and a white point of light that streamed up through a small hole.

Below that hole was the bed where the body of Armstrong was found with a bullet in his heart, and the hole in the ceiling was right above his heart!

Suddenly the hole was obscured, and, to Rogers' horror, he saw that the woman had covered it with the muzzle of a revolver.

With a signal to Harley, they both leaped for her and tore her away from the hole.

She fought like a tigress, and again and again her wild, insane laughter echoed through the house.

The men below came tearing upstairs and secured the raving woman. It was Dr. Hibbert who identified her.

"It is Armstrong's maniac wife," said the physician. "For years she has been confined in the Leets asylum. I did not know she had escaped, and I did not connect her with the crime.

"It is plain to be seen now how she accomplished her deed. She concealed herself here and made a small hole in the ceiling close to the hook in the middle of the plaster centerpiece. From this hook the lamp was suspended.

"As for Lindquist, she probably surprised him and killed him as he tried to escape. If our friends, Harley and Rogers, had not traced the laugh it is very likely that she would have got one or more of us."

As the mad woman was led screaming to the patrol wagon in which the officers had arrived Dr. Hibbert turned to the detective in charge.

"How about your promise, Smith?" he asked. "My friends here traced the laugh."

The detective shook hands with Harley and Rogers.

"The next case you have, my friends," he said, "will have the backing of the detective bureau."

"Not if I know it," grinned Rogers as they left the house. "But I'll tell you one thing—I don't want another murder case."

"We'll turn down the next one," agreed Harley as the car sped toward the city.

But it was to happen that the next case they handled touched them so intimately that they could not help being involved in the most mysterious crime of the decade.

Pomp In the White House.

Pretty Julia Gardiner, the New York girl who became the second wife of President John Tyler, more than thirty years her senior, eight months before the close of his term, was an heiress, and this fact had no little influence on the social innovations with which she startled our ancestors. The twenty-four-year-old "First Lady" had been educated abroad, and she attempted to engraft the pomp of royalty upon the simple White House customs, wearing a headdress which imitated a crown and surrounding herself with a group of maids of honor.—New York World.

"Kindly Fruits of the Earth."

The expression in the prayer book, "kindly fruits of the earth," has for most persons no definite meaning because of the difference in significance now attached to the word kindly from that used when the expression was first written. The word kindly in that connection means as nearly as possible "of its kind," and the expression "kindly fruits of the earth" meant "the fruits of the earth each after its kind."—Exchange.

It Sounded That Way.

The cat settled herself luxuriously in front of the kitchen range and began to purr. Little Dolly, who was strange to the ways of cats, regarded her with horror.

"Oh, gran'ma, gran'ma!" she cried. "Come here quick. The cat's begun to boil."—Ladies' Home Journal.

No Chance.

"Why don't you ask that young man up to tea some evening, dear?"

"I don't believe it would do any good, mother. He's a confirmed bachelor."—New York Journal.

Brevity.

Madge—Long engagements are not fashionable these days. Marjorie—Oh, well, neither are long marriages.—Judge.

No Limit.

"What do you do with your car when your wife is away?"

"Everything."—Life.

Still Worse.

Kathryn—I hear that you said I was double faced.

Kittye—I never did. I merely said you were double chinned.—New York Globe.

What makes life dreary is want of motive.—George Eliot.

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JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Milesburg.

Mrs. Hick Watson, of Akron, visited with Mr. and Mrs. William Waton recently.

Bruce Wallace is in Spring Mills where he is superintending the building of a number of new houses.

Miss Rosa Neff visited with her brother, Edward Neff, during the past week.

Mrs. H. Schindler and Miss Caroline Schindler spent Sunday in Curtin.

Mrs. Christ Jodon and children are visiting in Unionville.

Robert Lannen, of Conemaugh, is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Alex Lucas, taking in the hunting season.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Watson, of Juniata, visited last week with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Watson.

Miss Caroline Schindler spent Sunday in Curtin.

R. R. Williams visited in Mill Hall during the past week.

The Misses Kohlbecker spent the latter part of the week in Unionville.

Miss Blanche Kelly, of Renovo, is visiting with Miss Florence Peters.

Mrs. "Bud" Woodring, of Tyrone, spent Monday with Mrs. D. E. Woodring.

Miss Thelda Bilby, of Lock Haven, is visiting with Miss Lola Crowl.

Philip Hall, of Osceola, visited last week with his father, John Hall.

Mrs. Howard Spear visited Wednesday in Zion.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Miles, of Altoona, visited the past week with friends in town.

L. C. Smith, of Mill Hall, spent the latter part of the week with Mr. and Mrs. James Bryan.

Mr. and Mrs. Mac Hall, of Tyrone, visited last week with John Hall.

Frank Kanarr, who has been in Wilkes-Barre for some time, spent the past week with relatives in and about town.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, of Tyrone, spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Neff.

Ralph Thomas, of Wilmington, Del., spent Thanksgiving with Miss Nettie Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Neff, of Curtin, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Neff.

Burns Yorks, of State College, visited recently with Leon Yorks.

Miss Mary Adams, of State College, spent the past week with Mr. and Mrs. John Miles.

Mrs. William Bloom spent Thursday in Unionville.

Misses Rebecca Miles and Pearl Bryan visited in Curtin during the past week.

Mrs. Lucy Stanley spent Thanksgiving in Unionville.

Mrs. Lucas and Miss Lucille Williams spent Thanksgiving in Wingate.

Austin Robison, of State College, spent the Thanksgiving holidays at his home here.

Miss Caroline Schindler spent Thanksgiving in Unionville.

There will be communion service and love feast on Sunday morning, December 5th.

Mrs Mary McKinley is visiting in Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Spicer, of Altoona, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Spicer.

Miss Jane Vaughn is visiting in Philipsburg.

Clinton Swartz, of Tyrone, Sundayed with John Swartz.

Walter Grau, of Pittsburg, visited with Miss Pat Faxon during the past week.

Miss Adams, of Williamsport, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Reber on Sunday.

Mrs. Roy Coldren visited in Pleasant Gap during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Woodring are visiting in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Woods spent Thanksgiving in Jersey Shore.

Mr. and Mrs. Cronister, of Tyrone, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Neff.

Roland Bryan, of Altoona, spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. James Bryan.

The Seniors of the High School will hold a festival on the 11th of December.

Miss Bernice Dukeman, of Curtin, visited during the past week with Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bryan.

Mr. and Mrs. William Smith and family have moved into the cottage on Market Street.

Miss Rose Haupt attended a Bell Telephone Co. meeting on Monday in Williamsport.

Miss Maude Kanarr, of State College, spent the Thanksgiving holidays with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Kanarr.

Mrs. Elmer Bryan spent Thanksgiving in Curtin.

William Lucas, of Johnstown, is visiting his brother, Alexander Lucas.

Mrs. Houseman, of Altoona, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. Lucas.

Mrs. Joseph Shope and family spent Sunday with friends in Snow Shoe.

Miss Blanche Swartz, of Howard, visited with Mr. and Mrs. William Watson during the past week.

Scott Watson, of Tyrone, is visiting with Mr. and Mrs George Sheckler.

Mrs. Lebkichner, of Snow Shoe, spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shope.

Mt. Eagle.

Your scribe failed to write a letter last week, owing to illness, but he is better now.

Weber and Gardner last Thursday shipped a car load of lumber from the Mt. Eagle station to the match factory.

Mrs. C. M. Hileman, of Altoona, who spent a week or ten days here with her sister, returned home on Tuesday morning.

Buckwheat cakes and sausage are on the menu these days. Many butcherings are under way.

Mr. and Mrs. Clair Gates, of Bellefonte, together with Will Gates, butchered for their mother on Thanksgiving Day.

Mrs. Archie Bathurst was in Howard on Thanksgiving helping her mother, Mrs. James Hayes, take care of the butchering.

Forry Hall, who is employed by the Pennsy at Youngwood, is visiting at the home of his grandmother for the hunting season. On Tuesday he accompanied Leonard Deitz, Clarence Leathers, Roy Leathers, Lester Leathers and Lloyd Shank to the Allegheny mountains where they will camp until the close of deer season.

Henry Smoyer, of Bellefonte, visited recently with his brother-in-law, Jacob Shank, and had dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pheasant.

Mrs. Austin Bathurst and son Theodore were shoppers in Bellefonte last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ossen, who were in West Virginia all summer, came home last week to see the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Bathurst.

Mrs. J. F. Deitz has been under the doctor's care during the last week but is much better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Gettig and children, from Bellefonte, spent Sunday with Mr. Gettig's sister, Mrs. Hayes Daughenbaugh.

Oliver Bitner, who is employed in the clay mines at Hayes Run, spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Will Bitner, on the farm.

E. H. Leathers took in the football game at Pittsburgh on Thanksgiving Day. Needless to relate the score might have been more pleasing to him.

Miss Grace Wyman and Mrs. Packer, who resides in Milesburg, spent Sunday here with the former's grandmother.

Miss Anna Deitz returned home last Saturday night from Bellwood, where she had been visiting with her sister.

Mrs. Alf Strickland and daughter, from Hayes Run, tarried in Mt. Eagle between trains on Sunday evening.

E. H. Leathers butchered three nice hogs on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, of Curtin, were home to see their mother on Sunday.

Miss Nancy Robinson, who had been in Snow Shoe for several weeks caring for her sister, Mrs. Patrick Lauther, returned home on Monday.

Blanchard.

Last week several of our residents were away to enjoy their Thanksgiving dinner Miss Carrie DeLong was in Philadelphia; Mrs. John Abbott departed for Johnsonburg, and Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Kunes were in Lewistown.

Mrs. Laura Snyder, of State College, spent Saturday and Sunday with her aunt, Miss Sadie Snyder.

Mrs. Orrie Stover was a Lock Haven shopper last Friday.

Mrs. Edward Gardner, of Williamsport, visited with friends in Beech Creek and Eagleville last Thursday.

Mrs. Edgar Morrison, of Williamsport, spent Wednesday with relatives and friends in Blanchard.

Mrs. Laura Bechdel visited last Thursday with her brother, John Foresman, in Howard.

Rev. Mr. Dudley, pastor of the Christian church, administered baptism to six converts in the baptistry of the church last Friday evening, the ceremony following the evening preaching service.

A. R. Moon and Orrie Stover took a run in the former's car to Yarnell last Thursday and while enroute home via Marsh Creek narrowly escaped a wreck. They found the roads in bad condition and it was only by exercising the greatest care that they managed to safely steer the car home.

The New Zealand Eel.

At a recent meeting of one of the New Zealand acclimatization societies the curator of a game farm reported that he had included eels in the list of vermin which caused the death of young pheasants. He gave his assurance that no fewer than seventeen young birds had been lost owing to eels seizing their heads while they were in the act of drinking creek water. The deaths of innumerable young ducks had been caused by eels, and it was a common thing to see scores of ducks minus a leg, which had been dragged off by these voracious fish.

Howard.

THE DIFFERING WAYS

A dismal way is the downcast way,
Saving up shadows for a sunny day,
Nursing sorrow but to make it last,
Scowling at joy till it hurries past,
Living life is a nightmare dream
Seeing gloom in the place of gleam—
O poor soul!
Paying by choice such a bitter toll.
A happy way is the uplift way,
Looking for sunlight every day,
Banishing sorrow with a spirit high,
Clinging to joy till it can't pass by,
Living life is real and sweet,
Seeing its beauty and grace complete—
O rich soul!
Knowing the truth of God's control!

Mrs. Frank Zeigler and daughter Miss Mary, were Thanksgiving guests with relatives and friends in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Fitzpatrick visited friends in Pittsburgh over Thanksgiving, and attended the football game between Pittsburgh and State College.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Rodgers and daughter Mary, spent a part of last week with friends at Mt. Bethel.

Miss Maude and Gertrude Thomas were home for Thanksgiving.

Miss Clara Kurtz, of Williamsport, spent Sunday of this week with her brother, Dr. Walter Kurtz.

Mrs. Leon Kunes and children, from Blanchard, are visiting her mother, Mrs. John Boon.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Lucas and son George, of Orviston, are visiting Mrs. Lucas' parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Williams.

Cameron Holter a student of Bucknell College, spent Thanksgiving with his father, H. C. Holter.

Alvie Weirick, of Altoona, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Z. T. Weirick.

Mrs. Carrie Kling and daughter, from Altoona, visited her sister, Mrs. William Kessinger.

James Kane who is working at Bellefonte was home for Thanksgiving, also butchered his porkers Friday.

Miss Inez Bartley, of Bellefonte, spent Thanksgiving with her friend Miss Jennie Fetzer.

Miss Nellie Kline, of Northumberland, spent Thanksgiving with her mother and brother.

George Johnston and daughter Miss Lulu, were Thanksgiving guests with another daughter, Mrs. Tanner, at Bellefonte.

Mrs. Chester Moore spent Thursday with her father, Mr. Stoner, at Mill Hall.

Merrill Schenck who is employed at Emporium, spent several days last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Schenck.

Miss Margaret Wyble visited in Lock Haven over Sunday.

Miss Esther and Mildred Shay, of Bellefonte, were home over Sunday.

Miss Margaret Kane and Miss Eby, of State College, visited Mr. and Mrs. James Kane, over Sunday.

Miss Emma Robb visited friends in Juniata this week.

Miss Flora Pletcher, a teacher at Snow Shoe, was home over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Justice Turner, of Altoona, spent Thanksgiving with their brother and sister, John and Martha.

Joe Daughenbaugh was a Philadelphia visitor Saturday.

Charles DeHaas, of Buffalo, spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Mary DeHaas.

Mrs. Philip Barr and daughter, of Tyrone, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Neff.

Mrs. S. S. Williams, of Blanchard, spent Thursday at the home of H. S Williams.

Miss Mollie Breth, of Lock Haven, visited with her many relatives and returned home on Monday.

Rudy Pletcher, of the towhship, recently bought the Kesickle property and occupies the place today.

Monday Nov.29, was an eventful day for Eugene Kline, who was the lucky one to bring home a large wild turkey.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Pletcher spent last Sunday, visiting James G. Hayes, who is seriously ill in the hospital, and being the father of Mrs. Pletcher we are hoping for his recovery.

William Johnson who was among the sick, is improving at this date.

John A. Hagan, of the township, is sick at his home with typhoid fever.

Edward Greene has two of the largest porkers, yet to be slaughtered in the town. Unionville and Orviston won't reach the king row after these heavy-weights are recorded.

We as citizens, rejoice to know that Marian Cook's health is improving. She has spent the summer with relatives, under the care of her mother, taking medical treatment at Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Emma Decker, of State College came to visit her brother M. L. Beck' also to help to butcher the fatted porkers'

Miss Lorilla Yearick, has returned to Howard after spending a week at Clintondale, with her aunt Miss Lorilla Hayes.

Mrs. George Loder, of Zion, visited her relatives, on Thanksgiving.

Quite a number of persons, from Howard, have been attending the services held by Rev. Dudley, in the Disciple church, of Blanchard. Quite a number of additions to the church at that place.

Miss Tessie Rupert and Nannie Sankey, of Beech Creek, were Wednesday guests with Miss Mary Kessinger.

DAZED THE GUESTS

The Grand Vizier's Speech at the Gridiron Club Dinner.

FAIRLY BLAZED WITH ABUSE.

It Looked Very Much Like the Makings of "a Bully Row," but the Surprising Climax Averted All Danger of Diplomatic Complications.

In January, 1904, Mirza Ali Asgar Khan, former grand vizier of Persia, was making a trip around the world and was booked to sail to Europe from New York. His attendance at the Gridiron club dinner in Washington was announced in the newspapers. What happened at that banquet is thus dramatically described by Arthur Wallace Dunn in his book, "Gridiron Nights:"

The grand vizier came in late, after the dinner had been in progress for a time, and was accompanied by Scott C. Bone of the Washington Post, his host of the evening. Before taking his seat, directly in front of the president of the United States, he bowed low to that official and then made a sweeping salaam to the assembled company.

Senator Beveridge was introduced and shook hands. William H. Taft, then governor general of the Philippines, who had crossed the ocean on the same ship with the grand vizier, walked across the dining room and shook hands, expressing his pleasure at seeing him again. Senators Aldrich, Gorman and Hanna and Speaker Cannon, sitting near by, were introduced.

After the dinner had progressed for a time President Louis A. Coolidge introduced the oriental guest as one who had journeyed far and who came that night with views he had gathered in his travels.

Mirza Ali Asgar Khan, with more profound bows, said that his message to the Gridiron club and its guests had been written, as he was somewhat imperfect in our language, and then he began to read from large sheets of paper.

"The people of the United States," he began, "are watching every day to see whether there is to be a war in the old world. In the east we also watch for that war. It is to observe preparations for that war that I travel.

"I was in Japan before I came to this country. In Persia we take great interest in Japan, because the next war will be the great struggle between the civilizations of the east and west. We believe that the eastern civilization will overcome the western civilization.

"This will mark the downfall of Russia, that treacherous power that has plotted against peace of mankind from the days of Peter the Great and has been the hypocrite, the false friend of every weaker power it has aimed to destroy."

He was interrupted by a member of the club, who suggested that as the Russian ambassador was our guest no such discussion should be permitted. Mirza Ali looked puzzled and continued:

"The barbarous rule of Germany will be brought to an end, and a higher morality will supplant the vicious rule of the vandals who have kept the intelligence of Europe under a reign of terror"—

Again he was interrupted and attention called to the presence of the German ambassador. The situation was explained to the grand vizier, and he turned over two or three pages of his manuscript and continued:

"And then Great Britain, the traditional enemy of the free American people—perfidious Albion, as she is called by one of your poets—she has been the trader of the world—buyer and seller of men—pretending to love liberty, but hypocritically sheltering slavery when it could be to her interest"—

President Coolidge stopped him by sharp raps of the gavel. The faces of the diplomats were drawn into frowns of disapproval. Guests and members were aghast, while President Roosevelt looked as if he thought it was the makings of a bully row.

"We are very much obliged," said Mr. Coolidge, "to his excellency the grand vizier, but as some members of the British embassy are with us"—

"You will not let me speak," said the vizier angrily; "then I bid you good night! You invite me here—you ask me to speak—I prepare my speech—you are as bad as the rest. You have no free press—you have no free speech! I go."

And as he was making sweeping gestures he tore away his fez, wig and beard, and there stood Francis E. Leupp of the New York Evening Post. He had put over the greatest hoax ever perpetrated by the Gridiron club. The real Mirza Ali Asgar Khan had sailed for Europe that very day.

Long Range Pensions.

Uncle Sam's pension system is nothing in its long reach compared to certain pensions that are being paid in European countries.

Only three years ago there died in England the last of the descendants of the man who assisted Charles II. to escape after the battle of Worcester, all of whom had enjoyed substantial pensions throughout their lives for the service their ancestor had rendered his monarch. Admiral Rodney's heirs still draw $10,000 a year, while the representative of Lord Nelson gets $25,000 a year because Nelson won the victory of Trafalgar.—New York Sun.

Happiness grows at our own firesides and is not to be picked up in strangers' galleries.—Jerrold.

CHRISTMAS!

is coming and you should be looking up your presents--Remember the story of the "Early Bird." If it is for a gentleman, a box of

"BLACK AND WHITE" CIGARS

or a nice Pocket Book would be the thing. If it is for a Lady, a bottle of

CHOICE PERFUME

would be acceptable--If for the family

A GOOD HOT-WATER BOTTLE

would make them all happy--Look us over when ready.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

Carnegie Gives $400,000,000.

Dr. Henry S. Pritchett head of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Education of New York, was the speaker last week at the closing exercises of the Carnegie birthday celebration in Pittsburgh. He announced at the beginning of his address that Mr. Carnegie had given away $400,000,000 and was not through yet. Doctor Pritchett said in part:

"The most noteworthy thing about Mr. Carnegie's preaching of the doctrine of the consecration of wealth is the fact that his practice has squared with his preaching. The great bulk of his accumulations nearly $400,000,000, has been turned back by him to the public to be used in the cause of human betterment. He is today a man of moderate fortune. This fact is the first astounding accomplishment to which the historian of the future will point when he comes to estimate of Mr. Carnegie's service.

"The influences which he sought to stimulate were the promotion of good reading through public libraries, the cause of scientific research through a research institution, education through the Carnegie Foundation human idealism brough the hero fund, international peace through the peace endowment, intelligent philanthropy through the Carnegie corporation. These are great causes—good reading, research, education, idealism world peace discriminating philanthropy.

"As I look back, on this anniversary day, upon the creations of Mr. Carnegie's brain—his spiritul children—two facts concerning them stand out in my mind as significant and far-reaching:

"The first relates to the character of these institutions which he has created. They are all agencies for human betterment, for human progress for human uplift. They contribute to the constructive side of human endeavor, not to the destructive side.

"Secondly, these constructive agencies which Mr. Carnegie has conceived and set in motion are in their infancy, but they are to have immortal lives. Decade after decade, century after century, they will make their contributions to the progress of their age and of their generation."

CLAY FOR BRICKMAKING.

The Wealth That Lines the Shores of the Hudson River.

Magnificent and inspiring as the secenery is along the towering banks of the lordly Hudson, it isn't anywhere near as much of a money maker as the lowly bricks which are made along the shores of that favored stream. In the ten years past some 11,390,110,000 bricks, valued at $60,407,258, have been fashioned out of the clay close to the water's edge. These bricks, if laid flat, would make a sidewalk that would reach around the world. And it is estimated that there is still enough clay left on the banks of the Hudson to make 1,200,000,000 bricks a year for the next fifty years.

This stratum of clay extends along both sides of the Hudson from New York to Cohoes, above Troy, and takes in ten counties, one of them in New Jersey. It is the greatest brickmaking district in all the world. For a century the industry has thrived, and, strangely enough, the method of manufacture has changed hardly any in the lapse of years.

It was in 1817 when the industry began to thrive. James Woods, an Englishman, had learned the trade of brickmaking in his native land and was attracted to Haverstraw, up the west bank of the river a few miles from New York. The vast quantities of fine brick clay there and the abundance of wood for fuel appealed to him, and he started the first successful brickyard in Rockland county. To Woods is given the credit for discovering that coal dust made a fine ingredient for good bricks. He also invented tempering, mixing and molding machines, and these, but little modified, are used even in these times of new appliances for all forms of the industry.—New York World.

Penny-A-Word Column

FOR RENT—Store room, also two dwellings, for rent in Milesburg Borough. Inquire of Toner A. Hugg. 3-25-tf.

WANTED—White Pine White Oak Beech, Birch and Maple wood. Inquire of P. B. Crider & Son Bellefonte Pa.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Willowbank Street. Inquire Mrs. S. E. Satterfield, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Several more girls in Bellefonte Shirt Factory. Steady employment. Inquire of S. D. Ray.

FOR RENT—Large Brick Garage, location Main Street, Snow Shoe, Pa. Inquire of W. D. O'Brien, Snow Shoe, Pa.

WANTED—Commission salesmen to handle a special line of domestic Chinaware to the trade. The Carrollton Pottery Co., Carrollton, Ohio.

ROOMS WANTED—Three or four furnished rooms in Bellefonte wanted for light housekeeping; must be good location; reasonable. Address Box 64, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

WANTED—All Christians to volunteer to help win Bellefonte for Christ, to assist in the singing, and to do personal work. Will you enlist? Evangelist Starke. ADV.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21, Norristown, Pa.

LOST—On Sunday, November 27th, between Spring Mills and Old Fort, hand grip containing children's dresses and other garments, writing tablet, some post card pictures, white voile dress and other articles. Reward if returned to Ruhl's Barber Shop, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—High grade Holstein Friesian cows for sale, also 4 young bulls old enough for service; 4 heifers. All sired by Tioga King Clothilde No. 52325, H. F. H. B. These young cattle are ⅞ pure.—R. D. Musser, Spring Mills, Pa Bell phone, 11—5.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21 Norristown, Pa.

HELP WANTED—Guaranteed salary paid any woman to distribute hosiery to customers. Experience unnecessary, all or part time. For particulars and complete outfit address International Mills, Dept. "N Norristown, Pa.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farm $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; wonderful opportunity; write for photographs and full information. Munger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

HELP WANTED—Good pay—men, women, introducing hosiery direct mill to wearer, guaranteed four months. Part or all time, permanent, no experience. Liberal terms. Complete outfit. INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Penn St., Norristown, Pa.

MALE HELP WANTED—$50.00 weekly easy. 90% profit on every dollar. No deliveries. New, unique, fascinating business. Everything furnished free. No money required. Experience unnecessary. Write quick. Ira Seymour, Mgr., Springfield, O.

GUARANTEED SALARY—To trustworthy woman or man in this locality to distribute hosiery direct mill to wearer. Position permanent. No experience. All or spare time. For complete outfit and particulars apply International Mills, Inc. Dept. B. Norristown Pa.

When baby suffers with croup, apply and give Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil at once. Safe for children. A little goes a long way. 25c and 50c. At all drug stores.

NEAL *of the* NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Catspaw," "Blue Buckle," etc.

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathe Exchange, Inc.

(Copyright, 1915, by William Hamilton Osborne)

SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues five-year-old Annette Ilington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Ilington is assaulted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become a blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Ponto, Inez, a female accomplice, and the mindless brute that once was Ilington, come to Seaport, where the widow of Captain Hardin is living with her son Neal and Annette Ilington, and plot to steal the papers left to Annette by her father. Neal tries for admission to the Naval academy, but through the treachery of Joey Welcher is defeated by Joey and disgraced. Neal enlists in the navy. Inez sets a trap for Joey and the conspirators get him in their power. Annette discovers that heat applied to the map reveals the location of the lost island. In a struggle for possession of the map Hernandez, Annette and Neal each secure a portion. Annette sails on the Coronado in search of her father. The crew mutiny, and are overcome by a boarding party from U. S. Destroyer Jackson, led by Neal. In Martinique Annette and Neal are captured, but are rescued by a sponge diver. Inez forges identification papers for herself as Annette. In an insurrection Neal and Annette are again captured, carried to the Sun City and Annette is offered as a sacrifice to the sun god. They are rescued by marines from the Albany. Landed in Tortuga Annette and Neal are captured and exposed to yellow fever infection by Hernandez, but are rescued by sailors from the Albany.

TENTH INSTALLMENT

THE ROLLING TERROR

CHAPTER XLIV.

Across Country.

Early next morning, out of the pathless mire, strode back the Brute picking his perilous way with the instinct of some cunning, cautious animal, and guiding—in fact, bearing on his shoulders half the time—the luckless Ponto. That individual, his ugliness enhanced by the clotted blood that dressed his disheveled hair, and decorated his countenance, was still dazed. He had vague recollections as to what had happened. He knew that at the command of Hernandez, his side partner in crime, he had plunged once more into the deadly morass for the purpose of finishing by violence the deed that had commenced in cunning. He had followed the Brute—he remembered that.

He dozed off into satisfaction.

He woke with a jolt. It was a heavy jolt. When his eyes opened he was on the ground, supine. He started to leap to his feet, then sank back again heavy with the pain of his wound.

A laugh behind him startled him and brought him to his senses. He turned swiftly, feeling for his knife—the knife that wasn't there.

There was another laugh—the laugh of his side partner, Hernandez.

"Fool," said Hernandez, addressing Ponto.

Ponto changed his demeanor. He drew himself up to his squatty height and folded his arms.

"Did I not as you said?" replied Ponto. "I went into that hell and killed them both—I did it single-handed—I, Ponto."

His answer was a sneer. Hernandez stretched forth a hand and clutched Ponto by the shoulder.

He dragged his lieutenant to the edge of the clump of trees and underbrush, where they were standing. He parted the branches of a tree. He handed Ponto a pair of binoculars.

"Take one swift look, my Ponto," he sneered, "only one."

Ponto took more than one—he held his eyes glued to the glasses. Then he fell back in amazement.

"They live!" he cried. "Both of them!"

He stared at Hernandez almost in affright. "What does it mean?" he repeated.

"It means," said Hernandez, grimly, "that I sent a boy to do a man's job. You were quite right. I should have gone myself."

Down on the wharf Annette Ilington and her party were about to embark in one of the launches of the cruiser Albany that lay still anchored in the harbor. In Annette's party were Mademoiselle Irene Courtier, Mrs. Hardin, Neal's mother; Neal Hardin himself, a warrant officer upon the Albany, and the surgeon of the cruiser. There were one or two other men in uniform, an assistant surgeon possibly, and an ensign. There were bluejackets.

But above all, there were natives galore. Natives by the dozens, by the hundreds, and all in rags. The whole village had turned out to do homage.

"The little white angel," murmured grateful mothers, sinking down in Annette's path and kissing her dress as she went by.

Unseen by any of the party—save by Joe Welcher, Inez swerved aside and slipped a note into the hands of a native, and handed him a coin. Then she leaped lightly into the launch and the launch steamed away, followed by the cheers and the tears of the Tortugans on the wharf.

Back in the jungle, three men waited for advice. They had not long to wait. A treacherous looking native slipped through the undergrowth and advanced swiftly toward Hernandez.

"The epistle, Senor Capitan," he said. It was the note from Inez Castro. Hernandez seized it eagerly and read:

"We are bound for La Plaza. Meet me there. Meantime I shall do my best to secure Annette's precious locket and the map. Your route lies across the country. Adios. I. C."

CHAPTER XLV.

Inez Shows Her Hand.

"First and foremost, Miss Ilington," said the captain of the Albany after Annette's party had boarded the cruiser, "now that you are once more safe, permit me to return to you the map of the Lost Isle, which I have examined with interest. Following your directions, I subjected it to heat, and I brought out the hidden latitude and longitude—18 degrees 30 minutes north and 123 degrees and 40 minutes west." He paused a moment. "Do you know," he said, "there's something about that location that sticks in my mind—some vague rumor."

"The isle contains quicksilver mines," said Annette.

"It's not that," returned the commander, "it was merly the locality I traced it on our map. It was about there that the government—" He broke off, checking himself quickly. "Ah, yes, I remember now," he said, "well, never mind. But, here also is your locket. Now you've got them, have you—all safe."

"Thanks for keeping them safe," said Annette, secreting them in the bosom of her dress.

"So far, so good," went on the captain. "I have to say further that the officers' quarters have been placed at your disposal until we reach La Plaza. There you can get a train.

"It's a short ride on that road to Chantillo," went on the captain, "and at Chantillo you can catch the boat for most of the Lower California and California ports."

Across country Hernandez, Ponto and the Brute were traveling hard. The indomitable will of Hernandez kept them ever going on and on.

"You understand," cried he, "we must make La Plaza before the Albany gets there. We go cross-country—she goes by shore. I'll knife you both if you fail me at this time."

Finally, on a moonlight night, Hernandez halted at a forest opening that looked down toward shore. He glanced across the sea.

"It is she—the Albany," he cried. "look, Ponto. She is at hand. It is a matter of hours now, one would say rather than days."

After a rest he reconnoitered. In the valley he saw a light or two, flickering through the foliage. Again they mounted and descended the hill into civilization. They knocked on the door of an adobe hut. A native opened and shambled out, gun in hand

The Hand of Inez Was Quicker Than Annette's Voice.

to meet them. Seeing the Brute, he drew back in terror.

"It is nothing, friend," said Hernandez, "here is a coin. Where lies La Plaza?"

"But five miles farther on—close by shore," returned the native.

"A bagatelle," said Hernandez "come on."

Meantime Inez Castro, on board the Albany, had become unusually active. She had ascertained the time of arrival of the Albany at La Plaza—the schedule time.

Joe Welcher bunked in with Neal—in the quarters of the warrant officers. It was nearly evening when Inez Castro, using Joe as usual to do her bidding, whispered in his ear.

Joe, like a whipped dog, did, through fear of her, what he otherwise would have been afraid to do. He slipped into Neal's quarters, and laid his hands upon an object or two, twisted them into a little bundle and took them back to Inez. Inez took them to her cabin.

Over at La Plaza—La Plaza by the Sea—Hernandez sought the shore and found what he wanted—it was a fishing boat with a kicker in it—the only motorboat in the place. It was well manned, with a crew of six of the most disreputable-looking characters that ever drew the breath of life. Hernandez talked to them—with money.

"No lights," he cautioned, "and muffle that kicker. And be quick about it now."

"It is all right, senor," said the man at the tiller; "we are about all hours of the night. No one thinks of us, one way or the other." He pointed out to sea. "You perceive," he said, "there are other fisher boats."

"Good," said Hernandez, "the more the merrier."

Without lights they kicked to within almost hailing distance of the Albany. Then Hernandez showed a light. It was immediately answered from the deck. "It is good," he said, "we understand each other."

Inez hastened from the deck and entered her cabin.

Her cabin was Annette's as well. Her plans well laid—and she had felt they were the only plans to make—she retired for the night, but not to sleep.

At three o'clock she rose, and untwisted the bundle that Joe had filched for her. She sighed with satisfaction as she shook it out of its folds. It was a uniform—one of Neal's. She donned it swiftly—hurriedly—silently. There was no light in the cabin, save the moon, sifting in through port holes. Annette's face was bathed in light. But Annette was fast asleep.

She was totally oblivious to the presence of the prowling figure in male uniform who stole near and ever nearer—who now groped about her neck. . . .

Suddenly, with one quick and final tug Inez wrenched at the chamois bag. . . .

Annette woke with a scream upon her lips. But the hand of Inez was quicker than Annette's voice. Inez's hand closed over Annette—her knee crushed down her breast.

The wildcat in Annette rose. She was a fine fighter. She squirmed with one twist out of the grasp of this unseen foe, and grappled with her assailant. Inez was no match for her, and soon found it out. . . .

Annette dragged her to the ray of moonlight and looked at her.

She gasped and dropped her hold.

"You—Irene Courtier," she cried.

But Irene—Inez Castro if you please—was no longer there. In that instant—and that was the instant for the last few seconds she had waited for—in that instant she had leaped to her feet and made her getaway.

And Inez knew the Albany—every part of that huge battleship she had studied with the care of an engineer. She knew just what to do and where to go, and how to elude pursuit. She rushed to one spot where safety lay, reached the rail, leaped over it, and with the agility of a professional diver struck the water with scarcely a splash.

"Now," said Hernandez to his helmsman, "like mad for that spot of white."

Inez, fresh and supple notwithstanding her struggle—in fact the struggle had nerved her up—swam toward the fishing boat and the boat steamed toward her. Within a short time—almost less time than it takes to tell it—Ponto was once more kicking the Brute. And the Brute in turn leaned over the side of the kicker, and with the sweep of one powerful hand and arm, drew a dripping object from the water. It was Inez, gasping for breath.

"Now, like the devil for the shore," whispered Hernandez.

They obeyed. But if Inez now gasped for breath, Annette had ceased to gasp for breath. Her first coherent thought was to feel for her chamois bag. It was safe. Her next effort was speech. She screamed at the top of her lungs. Her third was action. She darted to the deck and gave the alarm.

Within a moment a launch was manned and had put off from the cruiser—Neal in command.

Suddenly one of Neal's men pointed toward the shore. The searchlight of the cruiser was playing upon a kicker making full speed south.

"That's our boat," said Neal, "like the devil now."

In five minutes they caught her. Neal saw at a glance she showed no lights. It convinced him. Without a word he swung his launch alongside and his men leaped across the gunwale. Every jack tar either had his man by the throat, or was tickling his ribs with a knife.

"We've got 'em all," said somebody.

"Where's the woman?" queried Neal.

But there was no woman—no Inez Castro. What's more there was no Hernandez, no Ponto, no Brute.

"No use," said Neal, "the birds have flown. No use chasing them," he conceded, "when those birds fly, they fly. We've got to give 'em credit."

"Annette," he told that young lady later, "I think now we're safe. The job all along has been an inside job—Irene Courtier has been handing you—yes and me—over to the enemy. That was the game—and the game is ended. That's the way it looks to me."

CHAPTER XLVI.

A Hold-Up.

The captain of the cruiser Albany had his men scour the country round about, but—as had ever been the case with Hernandez and his nimble-footed crew—without result.

"At any rate," he said, "the rascals have run away—they've probably shown us their heels for all time. You go to Chantillo, Miss Ilington. You take that one-horse train here—we'll escort you to the train. Over at Chantillo lies the Missouri, a first-class battleship. I'll give you a note to her commander. He'll see you safe on board the South California boat."

Neal and a small guard of marines constituted Annette's escort.

Annette laughed when she saw the station—laughed more when she saw the train. It consisted of the sorriest engine she had ever seen—also the most diminutive and battered coach.

"Look here," said Neal to Annette, "come inside the station. I want to show you something."

Annette knew . . . inside she broke down and cried like a child.

"It's good-by now, Neal," she said, "I don't know what I'm going to do without you. . . . I feel like . . . almost going back . . ."

"By George," said Neal, "I wish . . . but no. You'll stick it out. I know you will. I'm sure. But, if it's

"Look—See!" Exclaimed the Brute.

tough on you—think of me. I feel like chucking up my job . . ."

A tin horn blew outside. "W-what's that?" cried Annette.

Mrs. Hardin and Joe Welcher rushed into the station. "The train—the train," they cried.

They were quite right. The engineer was already pulling his rusty lever. The train actually was starting up, stationary though it had seemed.

"Go ahead little one," said Neal, "good luck."

Half a mile farther down the track out of the jungle crept two figures—each with gun in hand, each with a black mask upon his face. Across the track they piled a tree or two—these trees had been plucked up by the roots by one of these masked men.

After completing this self-appointed task, they crept back into the jungle and waited patiently.

Finally one of the men prodded the other. "Now," he commanded, "here she comes."

A faint tin horn whistle was heard around the curve. The fast mail of the Chantillo line approached. She approached, but seeing the obstruction on the track, she hesitated, halted, came to a full stop. The two masked men leaped upon the engine and held up the crew with their ever-ready guns.

Hernandez stepped into the car behind. He fired three shots. He aimed at no one. The shots had their effect—on two persons at least. Joe Welcher ducked at once. Mrs. Hardin followed suit. No one was hit. Annette alone retained her nerve.

"So," she said fearlessly, "it's you again. And where is your charming friend, Miss Irene Courtier?"

"Brute," cried Hernandez, throwing off his mask, "bring those two men here."

The Brute brought them. "Take the bell cord," said Hernandez to the train crew, "and tie this young girl up."

Hernandez, still with his gun on guard, bent over the girl. He plunged his hand into her breast, and with a jerk tore the chamois bag from her neck.

"I'll tie this man myself," said Hernandez, approaching Joe Welcher. He leaned over Joe, and wound some cord loosely about his hands.

"I'll need you," he whispered, "but make no mistake. Mistakes are fatal when I'm around."

He left the Brute on guard and marched the crew back to the engine. "How near are we to the nearest station?" he queried, "tell me truth."

"Not for miles, senor," they gasped "only a little farther on in a deserted station, Montrada. No trains stop there. It is discontinued."

"Any occupants?" queried Hernandez.

"None—it is deserted. It is even haunted, senor."

"How—haunted?"

"Something there goes click—click—click—click—always when we pass."

Hernandez chuckled to himself. "A telegraph instrument," he said to himself. "I thought so—that's the shack we passed this morning. Now," he commanded, "come out here and clear the track of these obstructions—no, you do it," he commanded the Brute. The Brute ran from his position in the car, leaped to the ground, and with a twist or two of one hand tossed the felled trees from the track.

"Now," said Hernandez, "run us down to that shed. I don't know what I'm going to do just yet, but I'll find out there."

He whistled softly. A third figure emerged from the forest, tripped across the rails and entered the baggage car. This was Inez Castro. She passed on into the passenger end of the coach. She smiled gently at Annette.

"So, my charming friend," she said, "at last you have seen fit to intrust your treasures to Senorita Inez Castro. Good, my little one."

They reached the ancient shed. Over its closed doorway was an old sign, "Montrada."

Hernandez broke open the door by means of his usual agency—the Brute.

Hernandez darted to the keys—he was a soldier of fortune and this learning was one of his equipments. Bound as she was in the car, Annette could hear what the instrument said, for, singularly enough, Hernandez, when he first called, used the Spanish tongue; later he clicked in English words. It was clear that Ponto was at the other end of the wire, and somewhere near La Plaza.

"What news, good Ponto?" he inquired over the keys. "Any danger of pursuit?"

And Ponto answered: "That," he said, "I cannot tell. But much activity. There is talk of war. There is talk of a detachment coming overland."

"By train?"

"By train," said Ponto, telegraphically speaking.

"And the next train?"

"Days off," said Ponto.

"Good!"

"Wait," said Ponto, "there is more news. I shall call you up again."

"What news?"

"I do not know. There is something going on. I shall find out in an hour."

CHAPTER XLVII.

The Troop Train.

Ponto's information was quite correct. It had to be, or he could never have qualified as the partner of Hernandez.

On Neal's return from the railroad station at La Plaza he found an undercurrent of excitement present upon the cruiser Albany. Half an hour after his return the captain of the cruiser had received a wireless from Washington. It was significant in its tenor. The wireless operator handed it to him as it was received.

The captain glanced at it. "It looks important," he said, "decode it at once."

It was decoded. This is what it said:

GENERAL ORDERS FROM NAVY DEPARTMENT.

Deciphered From Code "G."

War imminent with Allemania. Keep all ships prepared for action. Transfer all possible men to Pacific squadron. Recommend meritorious warrant officers for promotion to commission.

HUTCHINSON,
Chief of Staff.

An order from Washington is an order. An order when war is imminent is a double quick order. The captain of the cruiser Albany had been waiting for double quick orders—he had smelled them in the air. He had felt them in his bones. In one hour he had picked his men. The first man he summoned was Neal.

"Neal," he said, calling him by name, "I've recommended you for a commission."

Neal jumped out of his shoes almost. "I—a commission," he gasped; "why—I thought—I can't understand—"

"Don't think," said the captain sharply; "we've got to act."

He handed Neal typewritten instructions. "You'll get your commission in due form. My recommendations go—particularly at a time like this. Take fifty men at once—and proceed to join the battleship Missouri at Chantillo. That's all."

Neal saluted and swung about. "Wait," said the captain. Neal waited. "I just want to shake hands, old man," said the captain. "You deserve your luck if ever man did. Good-by."

An hour afterwards Neal and his squad were at La Plaza once more, consulting the railroad master.

"We want a train, and right away," said Neal. "The road will make its fortune. It will declare a dividend. When does she go?"

"Not for two days or so. The engine—the good one—she is be repair."

"What can we do?" said Neal.

The station master brightened. He desired at all costs to get this squad of Americanos out of town. They were rioters—at least so Ponto had informed him. Yes, they must go.

"Ah, senor," he said, "I have idea. There are dirt train cars—no engine—but what you call, almost gravity road from here to Chantillo—all downhill almost all the way."

"Show me," said Neal.

He was shown. "Well," he said to his men, "what do you say, boys. They'll rock us some, but they're the best we can do. Is the road clear?"

"Clear all the way, senor. The last train—the little train—she have arrived at Chantillo now."

"We're game," said his men; "come on!"

They came on—that is they got on—the whole squad. A crowd of natives saw them off. One of these natives, hidden from view by the others, crawled under the foremost car and did something. He crawled to the second and did something—to the third and did something. What he did no one knew.

Down the line at the deserted shack labeled "Montrada," Hernandez came out from within, with complete satisfaction written on his face.

Hernandez sauntered out and glanced up the track. The track was straight and downhill all the way. It was like a canyon cut through a mass of undergrowth and heavy trees. There was nothing to distract the attention—it was a clean cut avenue as far as the eye could reach. He watched. . . .

Up the track somewhere the troop train was shooting curves with sprightly lurches. "Getting a bit too lively," said Neal; "better apply the brakes."

The order was obeyed—so far as the will was concerned. But the man at the brakes shook his head. "Brakes won't work," he said.

"No matter," said Neal, "we reach the bottom of this hill three miles out of Chantillo. Then we go up. We're bound to slacken up sometime."

One of his men plucked him by the sleeve. "What's that?" he cried, pointing down through the canyon, flanked by trees. "Look ahead."

"By George!" said Neal, "a train. The brakes—every man jack of you—the brakes!"

The brakes wouldn't work. "Funny," said Neal; "we tried before we started. Funny they won't work." It may or may not have been funny—but it was the fact. The brakes would not work.

"We're in for it," said Neal. "Boys, every man jack of you—you've got to face this. That jungle is soft stuff—it's a velvet lining. We may get scratched, but we can't get hurt. Every man of you get ready and when I say the word slide off—as easy as you can—but slide. Guns and equipment first—then yourselves—when I say the word."

Squatted on the edge of the jungle was the Brute. He looked up the track, idly following Hernandez' gaze. Suddenly he rose—quivering with excitement.

"Look—see," he said. His glance turned dumbly from the onrushing troop train to the stationary one. Another man might have rushed to the latter and warned its occupants or carried them out. But not the Brute. He had a glimmering. He started off.

"Come back," said Hernandez, "you beast."

The Brute never heard him. He only heard the onrushing train. He seized a loose rail lying by the track. He thrust it under the stationary rail—the nearest him—he thrust it into the roadbed. He jerked and strove at it like a demon.

Within, Joe Welcher heard it coming. He looked now. He gave one gasp, made one dive, and plunged into the safety of the jungle.

Hernandez dared not move. Safety lay in his remaining up track—out of the danger zone below. He felt that the Brute was doing fruitless work—that no man, no human agency within a minute's time could raise that rail. He didn't know—there was something superhuman within the Brute. He was more than a man—he was a man-driven beast—perhaps God-driven.

He plied his giant lever like a giant . . .

Neal realized at last what was meant. He knew now that that train was Annette's train. His men were off—all of them. He alone remained, rooted to the spot. He was powerless to do anything. Suddenly—obeying the instinct of safety—for he could do nothing else—training had taught him that a foolish risk of life was suicide—obeying the instinct of self-preservation, he leaped, leaped safely.

Leaped Upon the Engine and Held Up the Crew.

At that instant with one final grunt—one final heave—the Brute bent his mighty shoulders in one last desperate thrust—and sent the rail spinning, loose, detached, uprooted, to one side.

The next instant the troop train—empty as it was—reached the broken track and left it. With the roar of thunder it plunged, plowed through the soft earth and plunged pell mell through the deserted shed, missing the train by a mere hairsbreadth.

An instant later Hernandez plunged into the jungle. The Brute followed him, as a guilty dog follows its master—whimpering with fear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Cruise of The Last Hope

A Thanksgiving Day Story.

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

Johnny Baxter was born on the Maine coast and was more at home on the water when he was ten years old than on land. At any rate, he liked the water better, for, as he put it, the boat did his walking for him, and that was much better than using his legs. Johnny flourished as a boy before the period of motorboats, but he was scarcely into his teens when he had rigged a little three cornered sail on a six foot pole in a punt and seemed to know by instinct how to navigate. He used to frighten his mother by going out in his punt into open water, but he was never frightened himself. We are not usually frightened at that to which we are accustomed. Johnny was several times caught in a storm out in water where the force of the waves was unbroken by any intervening land, but he never lost his head. But one day he dropped a lighted match in a thicket dried after a long drought and started a blaze. He ran to the nearest house so frightened that he was scarcely able to warn the inmates of the danger that threatened the region. When the fire was put out he sailed away in his boat. When asked why he did so he replied that he didn't like being ashore; it made him afraid.

Bessie Andrews, a couple of years younger than Johnny, was as amphibious as he. They went to and from school together; but, as to play, their playing was done in Johnny's boat. Bessie's mother objected to her child going out with Johnny till she found herself unable to prevent it, then consented on condition that they never sail outside the cove. Conditions with children when they are beyond reach are a dead letter. When Johnny was reproved for breaking the agreement he laid it to the tide or the wind, or both. That ended the argument.

Johnny and Bessie grew up together, and when Johnny came to manhood and the problem of making his own living presented itself he naturally chose the sea. There was, however, a great obstacle in the way of his doing so. He and Bessie had become so used to being together that a separation was terrible to think of. Though Bess was aquatic, being a girl she could not ship with Johnny on the same vessel. Bess proposed dressing as a boy in order to go with him, but Johnny wouldn't hear of it. He said the tight fitting sailor togs would give her away at once.

Johnny shipped before the mast—there were few steamers in those days—for a cruise to the west coast of South America to bring back hides. He was gone two years and would have enjoyed the voyage immensely if he could have had Bessie Andrews with him. As it was, he was mighty glad to get back. When they parted they had not entirely thrown off the childhood companionship that had existed between them; when John returned they flew to each other's arms as a pair of lovers.

John found that during his absence another barrier than the sea had come between him and Bess. An uncle of hers, Nathan Barrows, when a boy had gone to the city and had prospered as a shipping merchant; but, since his wife had not borne him children, he had no one to whom to leave his accumulations. Besides, his wife was an invalid and needed the attention of a younger woman. The couple had spent a summer at Mr. Barrows' old home, where Bessie lived, had taken a fancy to her and had proposed to adopt her and, provided she would remain with them so long as they lived, leave her their property.

This was a severe complication for John Baxter, who could not claim Bess as his bride without doing so to her serious disadvantage. As the wife of a sailor she would be without the companionship of her husband nine-tenths of the time and must live in comparative poverty. As her uncle's adopted daughter she would have all the advantages wealth could bestow.

John was made of such stuff that he would not stand in the way of the girl he loved, though it required all his resolution to give her up. He not only advised his sweetheart to accept the offer, but insisted upon her doing so. She consented at last with the hope that if she and John should outlive Mr. and Mrs. Barrows they might be united. Such a result did not enter John's calculations, and Bess made no mention of her expectations to him.

When John sailed again there was but one comfort for him—Bess was pledged not to marry during her uncle and aunt's lifetime, and John need not marry if he was not so disposed. Nevertheless he expected Bess to take on that refinement city life is supposed to produce, and if she married it would be with a city bred man.

Five years passed, during which John Baxter's sterling worth gained him the position of first mate of a vessel in the China trade. Mrs. Barrows died at this time, and her husband found himself dependent on his adopted daughter for whatever of comfort remained to him. Though growing old, he retained control of his business, and his only regret concerning Bess was that she was not a man, that he might fit her to manage it when she should own it after his death.

Another five years brought a still greater change. One morning while sitting at his desk in his office Mr. Barrows was stricken with apoplexy and died in a few days. Bess, while she loved her adopted father, had looked forward to a day, after he had finished his career, to her union with John Baxter. She now had a double reason for wishing this union. She had suddenly come into the possession of a shipping business and believed—that which she wished to believe—that John's seafaring life would have fitted him to manage it for her. John was at sea at the time and was not expected to return for several months.

Miss Andrews, after coming into possession of the business, appointed the best man in it to manage it under her direction, she going to the office frequently to overlook it. But, being a practical woman with some head for business, she soon perceived that her manager was unequal to the task. She longed for John's return, firmly believing that, though he had not been educated for the purpose, his knowledge of sea trading would be valuable.

Then came a disappointment. News came that the Petrel, which John on sailing had been appointed to command, had been wrecked in a storm on the east coast of Africa and all hands had been lost. The statement that all had perished was given on hazy authority, and Miss Andrews hoped that some of the crew, including the captain, might have gained the shore in safety. Africa at that time was a wild country, and persons wrecked on its coast were liable either to be murdered or made slaves. Miss Andrews fitted out a ship, made one of her uncle's most trusted captains master and sent him to look for any members of the lost crew that might have been saved from the wreck. She would have gone with the expedition, but at this time she was trying to supply her uncle's place in the management of the business.

The Last Hope—such was the name Miss Andrews gave the rescue vessel—sailed for the coast of Africa on the 10th of September. The last words she spoke to its master were:

"Captain, I'll give you $100 for every seaman you bring back, $200 for each officer and $1,000 for the captain. And if you will bring them in time for Thanksgiving I'll add $5,000."

"I'll do the best I can, in any event," replied the captain, and, weighing anchor, he sailed.

There were no wireless messages in those days, and the Last Hope was not heard from except on being spoken by an incoming ship on the way out. A month passed and she did not return. Six weeks more went by, and since nothing was heard from her it began to look as if the Last Hope had failed. The day before Thanksgiving Elizabeth Andrews had given up any hope she had cherished of having Captain Baxter with her for the anniversary. She shut herself up in her home, intending to pass the day without making any effort to observe the usual festivities, but being alone was so trying that she determined to go to her office and find relief in occupation.

She had not been there long when she received a telegram, "Last Hope signaled." Then followed three hours of suspense. Had the mission been successful? If so was Captain Baxter among those who would return on the incoming vessel? She tried to think that she was as interested in the others' safety as in his, but she knew in her heart that she was not. She swayed between believing that she would meet her lover again and that she would not. The latter filled her with despair, the former made her tingle to the tips of her fingers.

It would be some time before the vessel would reach the dock, and part of this time she could get away with by making her preparations to go to meet the ship, and a part she would spend on the way. Her impatience to know what had been accomplished led her to start to the dock so early that she was obliged to wait there an hour, and this was the longest hour of all and filled with flashes of hope and despair.

When the ship came in and was swung around there on the upper deck, standing beside her master was a figure which Miss Andrews' eager eyes recognized for John Baxter. He saw her, and smiling, waved to her.

These two who were eager to come together were kept separate for awhile longer by a gap of water some of the time not twenty feet wide. The ship was at last docked, and as soon as the gangplank was run out Captain Baxter, for whom all the others gave way, descended and was met on the dock by the girl who had been instrumental in bringing him and others of his crew home. Notwithstanding those looking on, the couple were locked in an embrace, after which Miss Andrews welcomed the others to their native shore.

That evening the captain and crew of the Last Hope, the captain and a dozen of the crew of the Petrel—all that got ashore from the wreck—sat down to a Thanksgiving dinner. A seat at the head of the table was reserved for Miss Andrews and when the dinner had been disposed of she entered and listened to an account of the sufferings of the returned sailors given by Captain Baxter. They had been slaves from the time they went ashore from the wrecked Petrel till they were redeemed. Before the gathering broke up Miss Andrews handed each man a sum of money for immediate use and the captain of the Last Hope the promised reward.

Captain Baxter and Miss Andrews were married the day after Thanksgiving, and the groom at once entered upon the work of untangling his wife's business affairs. He proved to have a head fitted for the purpose and became its permanent manager.

"PRIDE GOES BEFORE DESTRUCTION"

2 Chronicles 26:8-21.—Dec. 5.

Israel a Typical Nation—Messiah to Establish the Antitype—Uzziah's Political and Military Success Becomes a Snare to Him—His Sin of Presumption—Its Punishment—A Lesson For Church and World—Ignorance of God's Law Not Acceptable Excuse.

"A man's pride shall bring him low; but he that is of a lowly spirit shall obtain honor."—Proverbs 29:23. R. V.

A GREAT and prosperous king in Jerusalem was Uzziah. He made a good beginning, was reverential toward God, and put his entire kingdom into good condition for defense against enemies. When thinking of Israel's wars, we are to remember that for a time this nation represented God's rule in the earth as no other nation has ever done. Israel's kings were anointed by Divine commission and authority, as were no other kings; and they were said to "sit upon the Throne of the Kingdom of the Lord," as no other kings before or since have held dominion. Theirs was not, however, the Kingdom for which we pray, "Thy Kingdom come," but merely a typical arrangement.

King Uzziah Offering Incense.

God's Kingdom will really come to earth after Messiah shall establish it. For a thousand years He shall reign, to uplift the humble, to bless all who seek righteousness, to punish and correct all others, and finally to destroy the incorrigible in the Second Death. It was, therefore, quite in line with the arrangements of that time that Israel's kings should defend the land which the Almighty had especially given to their nation.

Having accomplished great things from a political and a military standpoint, King Uzziah essayed to a religious distinction. He evidently felt that God was proud of him and would be pleased to have him enter the Temple and offer incense at the Golden Altar, as did the priests. He knew of the regulations governing the Temple service, but considered himself above them. He would go direct to God and not recognize the priest.

Incense at the Golden Altar.

Those whose eyes of understanding have not been opened to the fact that Jesus is the Divine Appointee for the reconciliation of the world to God may be excused if they approach God in prayer aside from Him. But as King Uzziah knew of the Divine arrangement that incense could be offered on the Golden Altar only by the priest, so those who have now come to a realization of the fact that Jesus is the great antitypical Priest, through whom communication with the Father has been opened up, would come under condemnation should they intrude into the Divine presence otherwise than as Divinely arranged, even as King Uzziah was smitten with leprosy for his presumption and pride.

Leprosy, Scripturally considered, is a type of sin. King Uzziah's experiences, therefore, signify that whoever having a knowledge of the impropriety would approach God aside from His ordained Priest would come under Divine sentence as a wilful sinner. The penalty would be proportionate to the degree of enlightenment previously enjoyed.

Fourscore Valiant Priests.

When the king entered the Holy of the Temple to offer incense at the Golden Altar, the high priest and eighty of the under priests followed him, protesting against his sacrilege. Although this was only their duty, nevertheless it marked them as courageous men; for in ancient times a king had great power, and King Uzziah was likely to resent any interference with his kingly prerogatives.

Their words of protest voiced what the king already knew respecting the restrictions attached to the Temple service. But they added, "Go out; for thou hast trespassed! Neither shall it be for thine honor from Jehovah God." True honor, true blessing, true prosperity, cannot be found in opposition to the Divine arrangements. The king's course, therefore, must bring him dishonor. Had he hastened to glorify God, doubtless he would have received a blessing. But the violation of the Divine Law brought him a curse instead.

King Uzziah Stricken with Leprosy.

Humility the Great Lesson.

The lesson seems to be one of humility, both for the Church and for the world. Some are born humble-minded; others are born self-conceited. The latter, therefore, are handicapped as respects humility, though advantaged as respects courage to battle against present adversities. On the whole, our handicaps through imperfections of the flesh are not so unequal as to make it easier for one than for another to enter the Kingdom under the call of this Gospel Age. The Divine judgment will be according to the heart, the will, the endeavor and not according to the weaknesses and failures of the flesh. Therefore meekness and humility should be cultivated.

THE WIDOW CUSTIS.

She Was an Heiress and a Great Catch When George Won Her.

George Washington in marrying a great heiress set a precedent which few of his successors have followed. The pretty, bright eyed, little Virginia widow Mrs. Custis, whose lands, slaves, dollars and mansions were inherited from both her husband and her father, was the greatest "catch" of her day, and young Washington was greatly envied when he persuaded her to say "Yes." This marriage enabled him to hold his own among the plutocrats of the time and to be free from any financial worries.

Mrs. Washington, whose wealth could have added most to the splendors of the White House, never occupied the mansion, as it was finished only four months before the expiration of John Adams' term, and Mrs. Adams was its first chatelaine. It was then referred to as "the palace," and each president was expected to provide for its maintenance and pay for its hospitalities out of his salary of $25,000 a year.

At this rate few presidents left the White House as well off financially as they entered it. So meager were the appropriations for the "care and maintenance" of the White House during the first half of the nineteenth century that several presidents departed from it deeply in debt and nearly all died poor.—New York World.

A Clever Woman.

"I never deceive my wife."

"You deserve credit for that."

"No. The credit belongs to her."

"How so?"

"I am utterly unable to spin a yarn she can't see through."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

In Suspense.

Johnny—Pa, what is a "quandary?"

Father—It's what a man gets into when he tells his wife a lie and doesn't know whether she believes it or not.—Judge.

Convinced.

"This time she is positive she is in love."

"What convinced her?"

"His income."—Judge.

TESTING A FREIGHT CAR.

Shower Baths Are Used For Detecting Leaky Roofs.

Shower baths for freight cars? Certainly. Treating the cars to a good bath every now and then is the method which railroads have devised to prevent having to pay for freight damaged while in transit by water leaking through the car roofs.

To detect a leak in the roof of a freight car before it has caused any damage to the goods inside is no easy matter. Previous to the introduction of the shower baths for cars railroads frequently had to pay heavy bills for damage caused by roofs which were supposedly in the best of condition.

To overcome this difficulty on several large railroad systems every car is given at regular intervals a severe test for leaks by means of shower baths.

The bathing apparatus is rigged over a track along which the car is run at slow speed. Enormous volumes of water are poured upon the car and with such force that water will find its way inside if there is any fault in the roof, sheathing or ends.

As soon as the car emerges from the bath inspectors examine it carefully and mark with chalk any signs of leaks.

A car thus marked is sent to the shop to be made waterprof. Before it is sent out to resume its work it is subjected to a second shower bath to determine whether the repairs have been satisfactorily made.—New York American.

The English of the Diamond.

In the National league is an umpire who is a stickler for correct deportment on the diamond. In a game in which he officiated at the Polo grounds early in the season as Chief Meyers, the Indian catcher for New York, came to bat certain of the Boston players sitting on their bench began to guy the brawny red man.

In an instant the umpire had left his place behind the catcher and was running toward the visitors' bombproof.

"Cut out them personalities!" he ordered. "Cut out them personalities!"

As he turned away a high pitched voice filtered out from the grand stand behind him, saying:

"Cut out them grammar!"—Saturday Evening Post.

A MEMORY OF RACHEL.

The Great Actress After a Night of Triumph on the Stage.

Lord Glenesk gave me an account of his first meeting with Rachel. He had gone to Paris for the first time as a youth, and for the first time his father had taken him to the Francais to see Rachel act. The entire audience had been stirred to the wildest pitch of enthusiasm and excitement. The next morning early he had ridden to the Bois with his father, and on the way his father had said, "We will turn out of the avenue a moment, down this street; I want to show you the house of the marvelous woman we saw act last night."

It was barely sunrise, and as they pulled their horses up outside a high wall inclosing a small villa they were astonished to hear, proceeding from within, what appeared to be the reacting of the very scenes they had witnessed the night before at the theater, but spoken in dead tones, as if by a somnambulist. Dismounting from their horses, they entered the garden. There they found Rachel, clad in loose garments, dull eyed, with disheveled hair and wan face, utterly void of all the flaming magnetism that a few hours earlier had filled her frame.

To the questions of Lord Glenesk's father she answered wearily that she had been rehearsing there under the trees since it was scarce day, trying in vain to find means of expressing certain passages in which she had "failed at the night's performance"—that performance which had so thrilled those who witnessed it, marking an epoch in their lives.—Princess Lazarovich in Century.

The Daughter's Idea.

Mrs. Brown was in the habit of introducing her big daughter as: "This is Jane. She's only fifteen. You'd never think it, would you?"

At last the girl protested. "It's mean of you to tell everybody how young I am. I could have a lot better time if you didn't."

"Perhaps you could. But I don't propose to have people saying after you've been out in society a couple of seasons: 'Don't tell me Jane Brown is only twenty. Why, she was a grown girl years ago.'"

"Just the same," retorted the daughter, "you wouldn't like it if I introduced you to my friends as: 'This is my mother. She's only forty-eight. You'd never think it, would you?'"—Judge.

A Bloodsucking Earthworm.

South Africa is the home of a species of earthworm, a creature closely related to our common angleworm, which is not only a giant among the denizens of the soil, but which is reputed to have a taste for human blood. There are two species of this uncanny wiggler—one of a dark red color and the other almost black. They are larger than one's finger and from three to four inches in length.

To forgive a fault in another is more sublime than to be faultless oreself.—George Sand.

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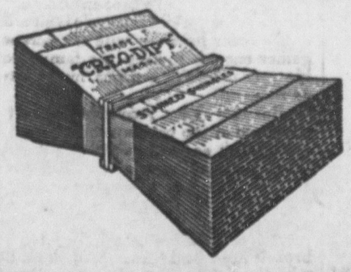

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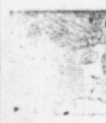

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The Main Thing About

FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amoun o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 Travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

Real Estate Bought and Sold,

RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

John Love returned to Haverford College last Sunday.

Mrs. James Clark entertained with cards on Saturday and Tuesday evenings, last.

Mrs. Marilla Dawson was an arrival home from Philadelphia on Friday of last week.

James B. Cook visited several days the past week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs A. J. Cook.

F. E. Naginey was a recent business visitor to Philadelphia, returning home on Tuesday.

Edward Keichline underwent an operation last Sunday at the Nason Hospital at Roaring Springs.

Montgomery & Co. have an interesting advertisement in another column. Christmas shoppers take notice.

See the advertisement of The Index Book Store in another column for timely suggestions for Christmas gifts.

Rev. Father Quinn returned last Saturday from Pittsburgh and is ill, suffering from an attack of appendicitis.

Miss Henrietta McGirk, who is teaching school at Bellwood, visited at her home here over Thanksgiving Day.

Mrs. M. L. Broderick and child, of State College, are visiting here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thad Hamilton.

Miss Sallie Fitzgerald entertained Tuesday evening with a Mother Goose party, eighteen guests in costume being present.

Green's Pharmacy Co. have an advertisement in another column which will be found to be a valuable guide for the Christmas shopper.

Frank Derstine and family, of Altoona, visited in town over Thanksgiving Day with Mr. Derstine's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Derstine.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul McGarvey have moved from Lamb Street into apartments in the Garman property at the corner of High and Spring Streets.

Harry Fitzgerald, of Columbus, Ohio, will arrive in town tomorrow and visit over Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Fitzgerald.

Miss Eleanor Weston, a student at the Indiana State Normal School, visited several days last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Weston.

Harold Gardner came home from Baltimore last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Lester Sheffer and son, of Milroy, making the trip in the Sheffer car.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gray returned home on Monday from New York, where they had been in attendance at the Army—Navy football game on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Munson and son arrived in town from Poughkeepsie, N. on Wednesday to visit for a time with Mr. Munson's mother, Mrs. L. T. Munson.

Thomas Dubbs, of Rush Township, who is a brother of our fellow townsman John G. Dubbs, was a business visitor in town on Monday. Mr. Dubbs has served for some time as an Overseer of the Poor in Rush Township and has won the enviable reputation of having proved himself one of the most efficient men who have ever filled that office.

Leo Toner went to New York this week to select music for the home talent minstrel show to be held in Garman's Opera House to raise money to be used in paying off the Old Home Week celebration deficit. The date for the minstrel show has been changed from December 14th to Friday, January 14th. The chang was deemed advisable to avoid conflict with Chistmas shopping.

John Gordon Kenyon and Naomi Mae Dennis, both of Philipsburg were married at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Harpster, at Tyrone Monday afternoon at 2:30 by Rev. George Glenn, pastor of the First M. E. church. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Dennis, of Philipsburg, while the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J Grant Kenyon, of Stamford, N. Y. They will reside at Philipsburg, where Mr. Kenyon is employed by a piano firm. The bride is a sister of Mrs. J. C. Harpster.

Penn State College put up a rattling good game of football at Pittsburgh on Thanksgiving Day but the University of Pittsburgh eleven was a little bit stronger and won out, the score being 20 to 0. The game was witnessed by a large throng and Penn State was warmly applauded many times for brilliant work. At the very beginning of the game it looked as if Penn State would not only be first to score but cross the line in an easy manner. A fumbled punt gave Penn State the ball only a few yards from the Pitt goal line and the Penn State rooters went fairly wild. The joy quickly turned to gloom, however, for Penn State was unable to push the ball over and it went to Pitt on downs. Most of the Penn State students remained in Pittsburgh until Sunday, returning on a special train to State College that night. In Philadelphia, on Thanksgiving Day Cornell defeated the University of Penna. team 23 to 9. On Saturday, at New York, West Point defeated Annapolis 14 to 0. President Wilson was in the throng that witnessed the last named game, spending a part of the time with the Army supporters and the remainder of the afternoon on the Navy side of the field.

Clarence Rine was an arrival in town from Nashville, Tenn., last week.

Miss Rachel Shuey returned home from Kingston on Tuesday evening.

Albert Hoy, of New York, visited over Thanksgiving Day with Bellefonte friends.

Miss Anna LeVan, of Altoona, visited here on Thanksgiving Day with Mrs. H. L. Garber.

The open season for small game, also for black bass and rock bass, closed on Tuesday.

Harry M. Stere, of Unionville, was a business visitor in town between trains on Monday.

Miss Anna Reynolds, of Berwick, spent Thanksgiving Day here as the guest of Miss Mary Hicklen.

Mr. and Mrs. Win Love are rejoicing over the arrival of a little daughter at their home on Tuesday.

The United Brethren Church will observe Holy Communion in both morning and evening services next Sunday, Dec. 5th.

Fred Herman, manager for the Bellefonte branch of Larderbach-Barber Co. this week purchased an Oakland touring car, 1916 model.

The Tyrone Benedicts have arranged to hold their annual assembly on the evening of December 31st. It is possible that it will be a masquerade affair.

Students enrolled this year at the West Chester State Normal School include Misses Mary E. Bartges, Sarah L. Fisher and Ruth N. Smith, all of Spring Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Fenlon were arrivals home on Monday from Lansford, Pa., where they had been visiting for several days with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brew.

Ira G. Burket, of Stormstown, was a visitor in town between trains on Tuesday. He was as genial and happy as if the whole Republican ticket had been elected last month.

The Aid Society of the Presbyterian church, will hold a Christmas sale in the Chapel on Thursday, December 9th, beginning at 2 o'clock. Fancy work, aprons, home-made pies, candy and cakes will be on sale.

Evangelist Starke concluded his revival services in the Methodist Episcopal church last Sunday night and on Monday morning departed for Hastings, Pa., where he will conduct a series of meetings during the next two weeks.

Don't fail to see the "newest creations" in the new collection of corsets, also in brassiers, received this week at "The Corset Shop", corner High and Spring Streets, by Mrs. M. C. Gephart. You must see to fully appreciate that $1.00 corset.

The women of the Methodist Episcopal church will hold a Christmas bazaar in the W. C. T. U. rooms in Petriken Hall, tomorrow, December 3d, beginning at 10 o'clock in the morning and continuing all day. Home-made bread, pies cakes, etc. for sale.

Tuesday marked the sixth birthday anniversary of Eleanor Barnhart and that evening she and her sister, Louise, were hostesses at a nicely arranged party at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Barnhart, for a large number of their little playmates and other friends.

On Saturday, December 4th, 1915, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon at the Court House, Bellefonte, Pa., the administrator of Laura E. Williams, deceased will offer at public sale two properties belonging to said estate situate on Reynolds Avenue. Both of these properties will make either a desirable home or a good investment.

Harry A. Snyder and Miss Blanche E. Lykens, both of Altoona, were united in marriage at 8:30 o'clock last Monday evening at the parsonage of the First Baptist church Altoona by the pastor, Rev. Clayton Grinnel. They were attended by Miss Grace Lykens and Mr. Cornmesser and also Mr. and Mrs. Lykens, an uncle and aunt of the bride, residing in Bellwood. The groom is employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad company in Altoona and they will take up their residence at that place.

At a congregational meeting in the Presbyterian church last Sunday morning a vote was taken on the question of accepting the application of Rev. Mr Finney, of Hamilton, Ohio. A majority of those voting favored extending Mr Finney a call, but the division was so nearly equal that the application was subsequently withdrawn. It was the opinion of quite a few persons that they preferred to consider the matter at further length and perhaps hear a few additional applicants before coming to any definite decision.

A pretty wedding was that at 7 o'clock on Wednesday morning when Miss Lillian C. Williams and Mr. Louis Brown were united in the holy bonds of wedlock at the bride's home on Bishop Street. Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum officiated The ceremony was witnessed by a number of friends, some of whom accompanied the newly married couple as far as Milesburg and made things lively by ringing large bells. The bride is a popular young lady and has many friends who wish her the greatest happiness. The groom is a resident of York, where he is engaged with his father in the bridge construction business. He is a Penn State graduate. Mr. and Mrs. Brown will reside in York.

Miss Louise Brachbill spent several days this week with friends in Lock Haven.

District Attorney-elect James C. Furst visited over Sunday with friends in Williamsburg.

Miss Dorothy R. Jenkins, of Tyrone, visited here over Thanksgiving Day with her mother, Mrs. Katherine Jenkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Montgomery are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby daughter which was born at the Bellefonte hospital last Friday.

John M. Trubisky, a hustling young business man from Clarence, was a visitor in town between trains on Tuesday. Were it not that he is an optimist, John would be tempted to suspect that matrimony is a hoodoo. Before he was married a few months ago John says that he never met with an accident of any kind. In the last few weeks, however, he has encountered all kinds of misfortune. An automobile which he was driving figured in a wreck as a result of a broken steering wheel. A day or two ago he was handling a gun when it suddenly discharged and badly lacerated one of his fingers. For genuine hard luck John believes he has been having more than his share.

To Prevent Collar-Blight.

The loss in Pennsylvania from collar-blight, one of the diseases caused by the fire-blight organism, which for the most part is confined to apple trees, is estimated at two per cent annually. A careful survey made by the department of plant pathology of the Pennsylvania State College School of Agriculture and Experiment Station in 1913 showed that this disease was represented in twenty-seven counties in the State.

The Pennsylvania Experiment Station calls attention to the fact that the sunken areas at the collar of the tree may be cut out to advantage during the dormant season. Experiments indicate that it is possible to cut out diseased areas with good chances of saving trees, provided the trees are not more than half girdled. It seems hardly advisable to try to save a tree when it is more than half girdled, unless bridge grafting can be resorted to advantageously. If grafting is not feasible the tree should be removed lest it become a source of infection to neighboring trees.

The bacteria causing collar-blight are less active in the dormant period than during the growing season; hence there is less chance of infecting other parts or other trees in removing the diseased areas after the growing season is past. For this purpose a heavy chisel and mallet are desirable. Soil should be removed from about the collar of the tree and roots, and all diseased roots should be removed as completely as practicable.

The cut should be made to a depth of at least one to two inches in the healthy green bark surrounding the diseased spot, care being observed to remove all infected tissue. The surface of the wound should be sterilized with bichloride of mercury, 1:1000 strength, or with concentrated lime-sulphur solution. After the wound has dried thoroughly a thick coat of white lead and linseed-oil should be applied. When this has dried the soil should be replaced carefully about the collar.

Christmas Basket Sale.

The Basket Shop will place on sale at China Hall, beginning Dec 11th, a full line of Seconds, and Covered Glass, in addition to the standard line now handled by Mr. Gardner.

Miss Mary Miles Blanchard will hold a special Christmas sale at her residence No 19 West Linn St., from Dec. 13th, to 18th. An exclusive line of Rag Dolls, Bunnies, and Elephants, specially fitted Sewing Crochet, and Spool Baskets, at popular prices.

A Welcome Pay Envelope

HONEST, old man, I don't know what we would have done without that ÆTNA ACCUMULATIVE ACCIDENT POLICY.

When a fellow lives on the "no-work-no-pay basis" and has nothing to fall back on, a cracked head and a broken arm don't get him anything. All he can do is sit around and wonder how the wife can scrape together enough to keep the family going. He just naturally worries himself twice as sick.

But this Ætna Accident Policy takes the place of the pay envelope. Gives you $50 a week as long as you're totally disabled by your injuries and $25 a week even though you are only partially disabled by them. Pays the bill for a surgical operation, too.

All you do is sit back and tell your broken head and arm: "All right, boys, take your time about healing. I'm provided for until you're fit again."

ÆTNA-IZE

Safeguard YOUR income against accident. Protect YOUR home from want. Let us explain how easy it is—how cheap. Write or telephone.

John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

Representative for Firemen.

Judge Eugene C. Bonniwell, president of the Firemen's Association of Pennsylvania, has announced the appointment of H. L. Morgan, of Philipsburg, as a vice president and representative for Centre County for the formation of an auxiliary association in this county.

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Bias, Band and Box Plait Folder

No basting required, as you pass the band through the folder follow it with flatiron and press the band so the two edges to the folder turn under. Will stay to their places. Five different widths, from ½ inch to 3 inch. Made out of spring brass No breakage. Always ready for use. Manufactured and sold by

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W. L. Steele, Jr.

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COMMERCIAL PHONE

Big Reduction in Guns

Owing to the gunning season coming to a close we are offering the following guns at a big reduction in price.

One 32 Remington
One 38-40 Remington
One 30-30 Savage
One 38-40 Winchester
One 44-40 Winchester
One 30-30 Winchester
One 32 Special Winchester

The one gun store where you get real gun information.

MILLER'S

Allegheny Street BELLEFONTE, PA.

THE INDEX BOOK STORE

Christmas '15

Why not give a book this year?

A book is inexpensive, appropriate and always sure to please.

Our line of gift books has never been so well selected as this year.

We have a full line of Juvenile Books for any sort of boy or girl.

We have the books in Ooze Leather, Gems of Poetry and Prose, that make such dainty gifts.

We have all the new copyright books and hundreds of the

50 Cent Copyrights.

Our line is complete enough for any taste to be suited.

Our books are all on display.

Buy Early

FOR CHRISTMAS

One of the things a great many of us can be grateful for this year is that we aren't being measured by an army tailor for a nice suit of khaki. Just the same---the approach of the holiday season ought to remind you that you need new clothes. An overcoat, certainly---perhaps a Tuxedo or a full dress---or just a good, serviceable business suit. Come in and browse around among our new

Adler-Rochester Clothes

You'll find reasons a-plenty for being pleased---for you've never been able heretofore to make your money bring you so much style and value in a suit or overcoat.

Young men who seek the extra smartness of youth in their clothes will find Adler-Rochester suits designed by a young man. Older men who want the more conservative styles are shown a wide variety of smartly correct garments.

The overcoat shown in the illustration is a fair example of the distinctive lines and all-round good looks of the Adler-Rochester Clothes. Let us show it to you.

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